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THE STANDARD.

FIRE-EATING AT THE SOUTH.

TOUCHING THE NORTHERN POCKET.

[The following resolutions were adopted at a public meeting in the County of Fauquier, Va.]

THAT all persons who shall, directly or indirectly, sell in this State the manufactures of the non-slaveholding States shall, in addition to the tax now paid by him, or them, pay annually the sum of [illegible] hundred dollars, or at [illegible] as long as they may continue such sales.

That no person, or persons, residing in this State, and doing business therein, who shall import goods, wares and merchandise from any foreign port directly therefrom into any port or ports in Virginia, shall pay any tax upon the sale thereof. That all persons who shall, directly or indirectly, in this State, sell the manufactures of the non-slaveholding States, shall, in addition to the taxes now paid by him or them, pay annually the sum of five hundred dollars, or at that rate, as long as they may continue such sales.

That any person or persons, companies or corporations, residing or located within the State of Virginia, who shall purchase a steam engine of any description, or a freight or a passenger car, for use therein, manufactured within the non-slaveholding States, shall pay an annual tax on each steam engine or car so purchased, from time to time, of five hundred dollars.

[The following were passed by a public meeting in Westmoreland County, in the same State.]

We recommend to our people, and we pledge ourselves to observe the following course of conduct—provided we can secure the general coöperation and concurrence of the other Counties of the Commonwealth.

First: We will adopt a strict non-intercourse in trade and commerce with the citizens and merchants of all non-slaveholding States. We will neither sell to them any article of the growth or manufacture of our State—nor buy from them or consume any article of growth or manufacture of their States.

Second: We will cease to travel among them or visit them, except upon urgent and unavoidable business.

Third: We will employ no laborers or mechanics from the North.

Fourth: We will arrest and send out of the State, in the most summary manner, all itinerant venders of Northern books, newspapers, periodicals, or any other articles of Northern growth or manufacture; and all persons who are suspected of anti-slavery opinions or sympathies, or who cannot give a precise and true account of themselves, as engaged in lawful business, we will treat as vagrants and incendiaries.

[At a meeting in King William (Va.), on the 28th ult., the following resolution was adopted:]

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to draft resolutions declaring our determination to purchase no articles of Northern manufacture, and such other resolutions as they may deem fit, to be presented to this meeting on the fourth Monday of December next.

From The Lynchburg Virginian.

We hear a great deal said, of late days, about suspending our commercial intercourse with the North, with a view of bringing that section to its senses on the slavery question. The fact being undeniable—and undenied, except by a few transcendental philosophers of the school of Greeley—that the agricultural productions of the South constitute the basis of both our foreign and domestic trade, and are therefore the main-spring of the national prosperity, it follows, of course, that the South occupies this position of vantage, that while she can easily get along without the North, the latter would find it difficult, if not impossible, to get along without us.

We need not say, for ourselves, how inflexible and steady has been *our* devotion to the cause of Southern commercial independence. For nearly three years, with scarcely an encouraging word from either the press or the people of the State, we have labored in this behalf with an assiduity that has at least proclaimed our sincerity, if it has not arrested the popular attention.

The Harper's Ferry invasion may constitute an additional reason why we should be as far as possible independent of our Northern "*brethren*"—but beyond and superior to all that is the fact that it is, abstractly, a shame and a reproach upon the Southern States of this Union that they should unnecessarily pay millions and tens of millions of dollars every year to Northern factors and agents, for conducting an export and import trade that we of the South could just as easily conduct for ourselves.

But, would non-intercourse have the desired effect, in appeasing the Northern hostility to slavery? It would, perhaps, in course of time—not at first. The commercial and trading classes at the North are already, if not for us, at least not against us. So far as we have *any* reliable friends at the North, they are mainly to be found in those very classes that we propose to punish. So that, in resolving upon non-intercourse, we strike down the innocent, while we do not reach the guilty. We gain no friends, punish no enemies, and only estrange those who are disposed to let us alone in the peaceable enjoyment of our constitutional right of holding slaves. While we are in favor of Southern commercial independence, we believe the South will make a mistake in putting it upon the ground of Northern hostility to slavery. Put it upon the broad ground that it is time we had ceased paying an unnecessary tribute to Northern agents, merchants and manufacturers, for that which we could do as well for ourselves; and, as soon as the North discovers the fatal blow that such a movement on our part would strike at her prosperity, she would be much more willing to let us alone about slavery than if we were to make slavery itself the cause and the motive of our commercial exclusiveness.

Moreover, in this matter of non-intercourse, we are afraid that there would be a great deal more of talk than of action on our part. The formation of military companies in all portions of Virginia has been one of the results of the Harper's Ferry invasion. *It is true, as we have heard, that some of these companies have sent to Philadelphia and New York for their uniforms and accoutrements?* If so, what a commentary upon our professions of non-intercourse!

Let us determine upon putting a stop to our commercial relations with the North. We are in favor of it, now, as we have been for many years past. But let us not talk all, and act none. While we are in favor of the commercial independence of the South, upon the broad ground that we are unjust to ourselves in paying annually to the North millions of dollars that we ought to retain among ourselves. We are willing also to accept the Harper's Ferry invasion or anything else, though we should prefer it be put upon other grounds, as a sufficient excuse for our action. The grand object is all we aim at. But let us not belie our professions by speaking "brave words" in favor of non-intercourse, and immediately afterwards sending to the North for the very articles that we need in the defence of our firesides and homes from Northern invasion.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

The country journals will render a great service to the industry and independence of the South if they will appeal to the people at once to hold county meetings and form associations, pledged, after the present stock in the hands of merchants is disposed of, to use no more articles of Northern manufacture. These associations, if universally formed, will enable the merchants of Virginia to know what they are to depend upon, and encourage them at once to take measures for supplying the wants of the State from Europe. It is as easy, and would prove a good deal cheaper, for our merchants to obtain their supplies in England and France; and it would be better still to make for ourselves everything that we need. This we may not be able to do at once, but we can make a beginning, and all that we cannot make let us purchase abroad.

THE SPIRIT OF VIRGINIA.

[On the 5th inst. the Governor of Virginia presented to the Legislature a message discussing at length the Harper's Ferry Invasion. We present the following extracts.]

INDEED, if the miserable convicts were the only conspirators against our peace and safety, we might have forgiven their offences and constrained them only by the grace of pardon. But the entire social and sectional sympathy has incited their crimes, and now rises in rebellion and insurrection to the height of sustaining and justifying their enormity.

For a series of years social and sectional differences have been growing up, unhappily, between the States of our Union and their people. An evil spirit of fanaticism has seized upon negro slavery as the one subject of social reform, and the one idea of its abolition has seemed to madden whole masses of one entire section of the country. It enters into their religion, into their education, into their politics and prayers, into their courts of justice, into their business, into their legislatures, into all classes of their people, the most respectable and most lawless, into their pulpits and into their presses and school-houses, into their men, women and children of all ages everywhere. It has trained three generations, from childhood up, in moral and social habits of hatred to masters of African slaves in the United States. It turns not upon slavery elsewhere, or against slaveholders in any other country, but is especially malignant and vindictive towards its own countrymen, for the very reason that it is bound to them by the faith and sanction of a confederate law. To set up that law to it is to enrage it by the sight of the law, because it is bound by it. It has been taught by the Atheism of a "higher law" than that of a regular government bound by constitutions and statutes. It has been made to believe in the doctrine of absolute individual rights, independent of all relations of man to man in a conventional and social form, and that each man for himself has the prerogative to set up his conscience, his will and his judgment over and above all legal enactments and social institutions. It has been inflamed by prostituted teachers and preachers and presses to do and dare any crime and its consequences which may set up its individual supremacy over law and order. It has been taught from the Senate chamber to trust in the [illegible] of the "irrepressible conflict," into which it is bound to plunge. Its anti-Christ pulpit has breathed nought but insurrectionary wrath into servants against their masters, and has denounced our national Union as a covenant with death for recognizing property in slaves and guaranteeing to it the protection of law. It has raised contributions in churches to furnish arms and money to such criminals as these to make a war for empire of settlement in our new territories. It has trained them on the frontier and there taught them the skill of the Indian in savage warfare, and then turned them back upon the oldest and largest slaveholding State to surprise one of its strongest holds. It has organized in Canada and traversed and corresponded thence to New Orleans and from Boston to Iowa. It has established spies everywhere, and has secret agents in the heart of every slave State, and has secret associations and "underground railroads" in every free State. It enlists influence and money at home and abroad. It has sent comforters and counsellors and sympathy, and would have sent rescue to these assassins, robbers, murderers and traitors, whom it sent to felons' graves. It has openly and secretly threatened vengeance on the execution of our laws. And since their violation, it has defiantly proclaimed aloud that "*insurrection is the lesson of the hour*"—not of slaves only, but all are to be free to rise up against fixed government, and no government is to be allowed except "*the average common sense of the masses,*" and no protection is to be permitted against that power.

The issue is too essential to be compromised any more. We cannot stand such insults and outrages as those of Harper's Ferry without suffering worse than the death of citizens—without suffering dishonor, the death of a State.

For a quarter of a century we have been persuaded to forbear, and patiently to wait for the waking and working of the conservative elements in our sister States. We have borne and forborne, and waited in vain. We know that we have many sound and sincere friends in the non-slaveholding States. It may be that they are most numerous far who abhor and detest such wrongs as these; but it is not to be disguised that the conservative elements are *passive*, whilst the fanatical are *active*, and the former are fast diminishing, whilst the latter are increasing in numbers and in force. But where is the evidence that the conservative elements are most powerful? Do we look to the schools and colleges? to the pulpits and clergy, and churches and congregations? to the press? to the journals? to the books? to the professions? to the artisans? to associations, which are marked characteristics of the age? to politics? to public assemblies and speakers? to legislatures? to Congress? to laws, either State or Federal? to elections? to the administration of laws? to judicial decisions? Alas; turn where we will, and to what we will, we find the judgments of the courts only are with us, but they have lost all reverence and respect, and we are left without protection.

Is it true that the due execution of our laws fairly and justly administered upon these confessed robbers, murderers and traitors will make them martyrs in the public sentiment of other States? If so, it is time indeed that execution shall be done upon them, and that we should prepare in earnest for the "irrepressible conflict" with that sympathy which, in demanding for these criminals pardons and reprieves, and in wreaking vengeance for their refusal, would make criminals of us. Indeed, a blasphemous moral treason, an expressed fellow-feeling with felons, a professed conservatism of crime, a defiant and boastful guilty demoniac spirit combined, arraign us, the outraged community, as the wrong-doers who must do penance and prevent our penalty by pardon and reprieve of these martyrs. This sympathy sent those men, its mere tools, to do the deeds which sentenced them. It may have sent them to be martyrs for mischief's sake; but the execution of our laws is necessary to warn future victims not again to be its tools. To heed this outside clamor at all was to grant at once unconditional grace. To hang would be no more martyrdom than to incarcerate the fanatic. The sympathy would have asked on and on for liberation, and to nurse and soothe him, whilst life lasted, in prison. His state of health would have been heralded weekly as from a palace; visitors would have come, affectedly reverent, to see the *shorn* felon at his "hard labor"; the work of his hands would have been sought as holy relics; and his parti-colored dress would have become, perhaps, a uniform for the next band of impious marauders. There was no middle ground of mitigation. To pardon or reprieve at all was to proclaim a licensed impunity to the thousand fanatics who are mad only in the guilt and folly of setting up their individual supremacy over law, life, property and civil liberty itself. This sympathy with the leader was worse than the invasion itself. The appeal was: it is policy to make no *martyrs*, but disarm murderers, traitors, robbers, insurrectionists, by *free pardon* for wanton, malicious, unprovoked felony! I could but ask, will execution of the legal sentence of a humane law make martyrs of such criminals? Do sectional and social masses hallow these crimes? Do whole communities sympathize with the outlaws, instead of sympathizing with the outraged society of a sister sovereignty? If so, then the sympathy is as felonious as the criminals, and is far more dangerous than was the invasion. The threat of martyrdom is a threat against our peace, and demands execution to defy such sympathy and such saints of martyrdom. The issue was forced upon us: Shall John Brown be pardoned, lest he might be canonized by execution of felony for confessed murder, robbery and treason in inciting servile insurrection in Virginia? Why a martyr? Because thousands applaud acts and opinions, and glorify his crimes? Was I to hesitate after this? Sympathy was an insurrection, and had to be subdued more sternly than was John Brown. John Brown had surely to die according to law, and Virginia has to meet the issue. It is made. We have friends or we have not in the States whence these invaders come. They must now be not only *conservative* but *active* to prevent invaders coming. We are in arms.

TALK OF DISSOLVING THE UNION.

From The N. Y. Times.

THE following letter, from a gentleman of ability, public position and large experience, was not written for publication; but we are confident the author will excuse the liberty we take in laying it before the public:

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1859.

The communications that you say you have received as to the state of public feeling at the South, you may rest assured, do not exaggerate. The cry for dissolution is *sincere* and *unanimous*. It is no longer the ultras and the fire-eaters; it now embraces all classes. The conservative and sober-minded, who flouted the idea twelve months since, now cordially join; it includes judges, lawyers, merchants, traders, artisans and laborers.

In all our previous troubles, I never had a shadow of a fear as to the Union—my nerves are not easily moved; on the contrary, I am hopeful and always disposed to look on the favorable side. But now I acknowledge that my fears amount almost to *conviction* that we shall on the 5th see the *last Congress* of the present Union assemble. No one is or can be more fully aware of the madness and folly of disunion and its withering effects upon every section, the South of course included, though to the latter less disastrous than to the North. The South would have some redeeming and favorable results that would mitigate the disaster; to the North it would be one of unmixed and direful evil. To the City of New York it would be ruin; absolute, unmixed ruin. She would no longer be the importing port for the Union—no longer the centre of the coasting trade—no longer the grand *entrepôt* from which the whole country draw their supplies. Her merchants and traders would leave her by hundreds, her citizens by thousands, her capital by tens of millions. Pennsylvania, if she has any sense, would go with the South. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston would fatten on the ruin of New York. Of these results, in case of a dissolution, I presume you cannot doubt, and the only question is as to the dissolution itself. I was recently in your city, and found the idea that had taken no hold of the public mind. They seemed to think there was no danger, or rather they not seem to think of it at all; but they will all soon be convinced to the contrary. It is not so much [illegible] at the South as a cool *determination*. Heretofore it has been made rather dependent on the election of a Republican President, but I doubt if they will now await that result. The *attempt* of John Brown has not had [illegible] effect, but the manner in which that attempt is received at the North is what has done the injury. The orations, speeches, sympathy, approvals, the proposal to toll bells, close stores, &c., without any public manifestation to the contrary, has created a state of feeling at the South that is not to be described. You and I are aware that half a dozen abolition fanatics will, on such an occasion, make more noise than 100 or 1,000 quiet, sober-minded citizens who fully disapprove of such proceedings, as a grasshopper in a field makes more noise than a herd of cattle feeding; but still I think the conservative community and the conservative portion of the press have greatly failed in their duty by not disclaiming once and again, and constantly, all these exhibitions, and using every endeavor to prove to the South that the great body of the North is sound as to Southern rights guaranteed under the Constitution. The people of the South have really got into that state of feeling that reason and argument and consequences are no longer regarded. They say their slave property and their lives are no longer safe under the Constitution; and when asked if the *remedy* of a *dissolution* is not ten times worse than the *disease*, [illegible] of the [illegible] North that openly stand up for the right and oppose not only the ultra fanatics, but the more moderate Republicans—when told that the avowed doctrines even of the latter are non-intervention in the slave *States*, but only against its extension into territories, they refer to the state of sympathy publicly and so generally expressed for the cold-blooded murderer and miscreant Brown without censure or reproof from any one. They say, and I confess with much truth, that the enmity of feeling now existing between the two sections has arrived at such a pitch that they can no longer live under the same government. To help overflow the bowl, look at the late certificate of 70 of the Republican members of Congress approving of that atrocious publication against the South, written by an absconding scoundrel, named Helper. What, in the name of God, had those members to do with such an atrocious work? How can they venture to assert that they do not wish or intend to interfere with the institution in the States? This very thing may be the spark that will cause the explosion this session. To say the Southern members are indignant at this proceeding is giving but a faint idea of their feelings, and I do assure you I dread scenes of bloodshed on the floors of Congress which will result at once in a crisis. A cry for an immediate act of dissolution once raised will be re-echoed with unanimity of feeling—the whole of the Southern delegation would probably withdraw from this city. The people of those States would take possession of the custom-houses and other public property, and declare they were out of the Union, and would wish to live on quiet and friendly terms with the North, if possible—at any rate, they would not be aggressors; and if themselves disturbed, would resist the best they can. It is all idle talk to say this Union can be maintained by *force* and *conquest*. The first drop of blood shed in that way would of itself be fatal. In 1832, when South Carolina took the bit in her mouth, when Gen. Jackson had his whole party to support him—when the Whig party rallied also to his support, and when South Carolina had no support or even sympathy from her Southern friends beyond her own limits, and a very strong Union party in her own bosom—even under all those circumstances, had there been a collision of arms, the Union then would have perished. Now, not a Southern State that would not bound up to the cry of dissolution, and I really fear the evil is gone too far to be corrected.

I think the duty of the Northern press is certainly to denounce the course of the ultras; to repress all feelings of sympathy for and all attempts to make Brown a martyr—to try and pour oil on the troubled waters—to soothe the irritated feelings which have sprung up at the South, and to try and convince them that the North are not hostile—that the number are but very limited who preach the doctrine of blood and fire at the South—that the Phillipses, Smiths, Giddingses and Garrisons have no extensive influence, and, in short, to do all that will tend to restore good and friendly feelings between the two sections.

THE SPIRIT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[The following are extracts from the late Message of Gov. Gist to the South Carolina Legislature.]

HARPER'S FERRY is the truthful illustration of the first act in the drama to be performed on a Southern theatre; and if the South does not now unite for her defence, we will deserve the execration of posterity, and the blood that has been shed will bear a disgraceful and humiliating record against us. The intention of the North is as clearly evinced by the action of the few, and more especially when that action is ratified and approved by the press and people of the non-slaveholding States, as if they had sent forth their multitudes in the treasonable and incendiary attack upon the South. Can we, then, any longer talk about moderation, and conservatism, and statesmanship, and still hug the delusive phantom to our breast that all is well, and that the Democratic party, upon whom we have confidently relied, will work out our salvation by platforms and resolutions? As well might we rely upon a pasteboard bark to protect us from ocean storms.

What, then, it may be asked, should South Carolina do in view of the crisis now approaching (and in my opinion fearfully near), to save her institutions from destruction, and afford safety and security to her people? Would to God I were able to give a satisfactory answer to this momentous question, and thus be the humble instrument to avert the impending danger; but I must confess my utter inability to point out the path of honor and safety, in the midst of the difficulties that surround us. With a united South, our course would be clear and our future glorious; we could enforce equality in the Union, or maintain our independence out of it. If, as I solemnly believe, we can no longer live in peace and harmony in the Union, notwithstanding the associations of the past, and the remembrance of our common triumphs (being treated as enemies and aliens, rather than brethren of the same inheritance, by the North), we can form a confederacy, with ability to protect itself against any enemy, and command the respect and admiration of the world.

This proud position is only to be obtained by a strict adherence to law and duty; and while South Carolina insists on the other States carrying out their constitutional obligations, she should be careful to do her whole duty, and carry out in good faith all her obligations to her sister States and the Federal Government, by discouraging all attempts to evade the laws, under any pretence whatever. While in the Union, we should comply with all the laws of Congress until they are pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, or our people are released from their binding obligations by the constituted authorities of the State, and it would be an arrogant assumption on the part of individuals to set up their opinions of the constitutionality of a law as their rule of action.

We should not imitate the example of the North in setting up a "higher law," but retain the proud position we have always occupied, and it will give self-satisfaction, an approving conscience, and a moral power to achieve victory. In preparing for any emergency that may arise, I would respectfully recommend you, at an early period, to take such measures as, in your wisdom, you may deem proper and expedient to obtain the coöperation of the Southern States in concerted action in defence of our institutions, whenever they may be put in jeopardy by all the departments of the government passing into the hands of our enemies.

The election of a Black Republican President will settle the question of our safety in the Union, and although the forms of the Constitution may be complied with, its vital principle will be extinguished, and the South must consent to occupy an inferior and degrading position, or seek new safeguards for her future security. Let South Carolina exhaust every means to get the coöperation of the Southern States in this vital and important movement, yielding everything but principle for that purpose, prepared to follow any lead in resistance, but she should never forget that she is a sovereign and an equal, that by her sovereign act she created the relationship of the State that now exists in the Federal Union, and that she has a clear and unquestionable right to resume her position as a sovereign in the family of nations.

DISUNION RESOLUTIONS.

[In the South Carolina House, Dec. 1, Mr. Hammond introduced the following:]

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina:

I. That the defence and secure maintenance of the system of African slavery, as existing in the South, is a cause common to all the Southern States, and that the burden of it should not rest on the border States alone.

II. That at the call of any border or other Southern State, for a convention of the slaveholding States, the Governor of the State of South Carolina be required to appoint suitable delegates to said convention, who are hereby authorized to pledge this State to furnish her full quota of men and her full contribution of money for the fortification of all the necessary points on the Northern frontiers of the slaveholding States, and the garrisoning and perpetual support of the same.

III. That while considerations of safety and security, obvious and paramount, justify and compel such measures of defence, in view of this incendiary attempt of John Brown, and the apparent state of public sentiment in the so-called free States, this Legislature does not hesitate to declare that this Union—at best, of doubtful value to the South—would be scarcely an atom in the scale against the perpetual maintenance of our system of African slave labor; and to advise that when the continuance of the said Union endangers or seriously embarrasses that system, that the South should discard said Union at once and for ever.

IV. That the Governor of the State be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Governors of all the States of this Confederacy, and to our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

A VIRAGO.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, the Massachusetts woman to whom Gov. Wise wrote a courteous letter, assenting to her request to be permitted to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy to the criminal Brown, has written a fierce reply which appears in the Northern papers. Probably it made its appearance first in the papers before it reached the Governor, for it was evidently meant for the public eye only, and goes far to prove that her mission of charity to the imprisoned felon was [illegible] —a trip to gather stimulus wherewith to excite Northern fanaticism into greater fury, rather than a visit to soothe the last hours of a great criminal. To the letter of Gov. Wise, which she commences by describing as "civil, but very diplomatic," she returns a newspaper column of the coarsest political ribaldry, a tirade into which she has contrived to condense the venom of the worst libels which the meanest of the Abolition presses and the most unscrupulous demagogues of the Abolition party have been pouring out for years upon the institution of slavery and against the pro-slavery States of the South.

The unsexed termagant rails at the State of Virginia especially, and the South at large, for their total disregard of constitutional and moral obligations; and tartly arraigns Gov. Wise himself as a hypocrite for talking of law and duty, being, as she attempts to prove by a review of some of his acts and speeches, himself a habitual contemner of law when it comes in conflict with the interests of slavery! She goes over the old Abolition story of Southern aggression on the patient North, whose "internal love of law and order," and "superstitious attachment to the Union," have been pushed to the extent of being mistaken for cowardice! Going on, she rakes the vocabulary of slang politicians, to denounce the settlement of the North-Eastern boundary, the Oregon settlement, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the Kansas troubles, and the civil conflicts in that Territory between the slave-owners and the innocent Browns, as parts of a persistent policy of the slave States to subjugate the free North, until her fury culminates in a scornful acceptance of the threatened disunion, as a blessing to the Northern people. Hear how she shrieks:

> A majority of them would rejoice to have the slave States fulfil their oft-repeated threat of withdrawal from the Union. It has ceased to be a bugbear, for we begin to despair of being able, by any other process, to give the world the example of a real Republic. The moral sense of these States is outraged by being accomplices in sustaining an institution vicious in all its aspects; and it is now generally understood that we purchase our disgrace at great pecuniary expense. If you would only make the offer of a separation in serious earnest, you would hear the hearty response of millions, "Go, gentlemen, and
> "'Stand not upon the order of your going,
> But go at once!'"

The woman who talks in this style—who prates in her shrewish treble—of the "sneaking sinuosities of Everett," and thrusts her claws into the grave of Webster, whom she denounces as a "magnificent hound, whom the South hired to hunt cripples, and then sent sneaking into a corner to die"—not with shame for the uses to which his strength had been applied, but because "the promised bone" was withheld—such a woman must have been badly out of place as a comforter anywhere where womanly qualities are needed. The "ministering angel" has a soft touch and a low voice, eyes that beam with gentlest sympathy, and a heart full of charity and loving-kindness; not the aspect of fury and hyena hatreds which this woman would carry to the bedside of John Brown.

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

Correspondence of The Journal of Commerce.

THE SOUTH, Dec. 3, 1859.

THE long agony is over—we have hung John Brown, not in wrath, but in the exercise of a stern and necessary justice. Nothing on this earth could save that man from the halter, which he so richly merited. It was enough that he had made a murderous attack on our unoffending fellow-citizens—that he strained every nerve to excite our negroes to revolt, a thing which he *knew* could not be successfully done without involving bloodshed and death. These were crimes worthy of the gallows, but we now see in his capital and ignominious punishment a swift providential retribution for other crimes, which were not only meditated, but accomplished. The man's soul is stained all over with the blood of the innocent. It appears from the sworn affidavit of Mrs. Doyle, of Kansas, that Brown and his coadjutors took her husband and two sons out of their beds at the dead of night, and murdered them within hearing of the terrified and bereaved wife and mother. No wonder the vengeance of a righteous God should pursue a man of a satanic soul like him. Yet this is the man who has been trying to put on the livery of heaven, that he may go in it to the gallows, and seem what he is not, a pious, persecuted man, persecuted for righteousness' sake. He affects to be a pattern of piety, deals freely in scripture quotations, and affects a wonderful Christian experience, all which is supremely disgusting, and fitted to excite the indignation of every good man. The obscene owl making her nest under the altars of God! The sickening buzzard eructating his filth on the very pavements of the sanctuary! Do you wonder that our part of the country is excited, that the sharpest measures will be likely to be adopted, no one objecting; that with us it is held to be a case of life and death? You may smile at our excitability, but I tell you there is no subject on earth on which the Southern mind is so sensitive, and always will be, as that of outside interference with her internal slave property. Little as Virginia cares for slavery as a substantive institution, she is just as determined to hang all Abolitionists who come there to interfere with it as would be South Carolina or Alabama. Being in fact a border State, she is more exposed to such incursions as have lately polluted her soil than her more Southern neighbors, and all her arrangements will be made in view of this fact. We are often assured from your side that these incendiary plots, these sanguinary forays on property and life, are the work of a few men, and are disapproved by a large majority among you. What evidence is there of this? We see long accounts of Brown's sympathizing meetings in your principal places. Rev. Dr. Furness is conspicuous at an anti-South meeting got up in Philadelphia on the fatal second of December, to snivel over the sufferings and death of this highway robber and murderer. The men groan and the women weep at his pious letters, and for the family whom he deserted, neglected, and beggared. Albany fired one hundred solemn guns in honor of the criminal. Emerson, Manning, &c., of Boston, reëcho the folly and repeat the falsehood in the "Tremont Temple" about the "sin of slavery," at the very time when the shock of the fall of a reverend adulterer among them is resounding through the land, doing more mischief and dishonor to religion than ten thousand slaveholders could in a whole generation. They howl for the release of Barabbas, while they would crucify the peace and comfort of the whole South, assailed by the same hoary-headed Barabbas. We would like to hear of some meetings spontaneously convened among you to condemn the course and conduct of these conspirators. No such meetings appear to have been held. Blowing these sparks may kindle, ere we are aware of it, the flames of *civil* war. Civil! Rather say an *internecine* war, in which every victory would be a curse, and every defeat a step towards annihilation on both sides. We can *live*, and so can you, but what a life to spring out of such ruins! Exchanging reproaches, plotting mischief against each other, mutual depreciations, increasing hatred, bitter prejudices, connate with our children—these will be the fruits of the satanic teachings of all ultras for the last few years. How familiarly they talk of disunion! How basely they contemn the counsels of Washington! What are we coming to?

THREATS OF ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND OR FRANCE.

[Extracts from an article in the Richmond *Examiner*, from the pen "of one of the most accomplished gentlemen and gifted writers of the South."]

SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA, Dec. 3.

HEREAFTER, there should be no delays of legal proceedings allowed to intervene between the apprehension of insurgents and their execution. Each sheriff in his County, each magistrate in his bailiwick, should be allowed the power of declaring martial law in times of disturbance; and insurgents should be shot, as soon as apprehended, by files of soldiers.

But the South will have to do more than this. Military collision between North and South, being inevitable, should be adequately prepared for. The South would be able to repel invasion from the North with ease; but more effectual measures than those of mere defence would be requisite to put a stop to vexatious incursions from the hostile section. In order to check aggression, the South would have, Scipio-like, to "carry the war into Africa." This she could do, with varied success, without assistance; but her cheapest and most effectual plan of accomplishing the object would be by means of a foreign alliance. The Federal Tariff now costs her fifty millions of dollars per annum, paid upon merchandise imported or deducted from the value of her cotton and tobacco. This fifty millions would be saved to her by the nullification of the tariff, and the importation of foreign goods duty free. A treaty of reciprocal free trade between the South and either Great Britain or France would secure to the treating power at once the monopoly of the cotton crop of the world, and the monopoly of the Southern market for manufactures. In consideration of such a treaty, either of the two Powers named could afford to lend us, free of charge, as large a military and naval force as we should require for purposes either defensive or offensive.

If we look at the map, it will be found that the South possesses four times as large a seaboard as the North, including the Chesapeake Bay on the East and the Mississippi River on the South. Our territory, moreover, is square, and well shaped for defence, having a large interior, and comparatively small exposed border. The North, on the contrary, has a small seaboard, and a narrow territory stretching far back into the interior, between Canada on one side and us on the other, leaving an exposed boundary of immense extent to defend.

What if our European ally should be Great Britain? We would be able to exchange signals with each other's cannon across the narrow belt of the enemy's territory. England is the natural ally of the South, whose carrying trade would give employment to her shipping, and whose monopoly of cotton-growing would give her the entire monopoly of the world's commerce. The North is the natural enemy of England, because it is her only present rival in manufactures and shipping. A direct free trade with Great Britain would be more profitable to the South than with any other power; but the Queen of England is as arrant an Abolitionist as Exeter Hall can boast among its *protégés*. The influence of Exeter Hall, moreover, may be strong enough in Great Britain to defeat an alliance with us.

In this event our recourse would obviously be to France; whose Emperor, able and far-seeing, and as free from cant and fanaticism as Victoria is full of it, has constructed a navy superior to Great Britain, and built up a merchant marine of immense magnitude, eager for enterprise, and needing only a commerce to carry. France is ready to embark in commercial undertakings of any magnitude, but is excluded in almost every latitude and sea by the prior monopoly of England. An alliance with the Southern States would at once furnish her that employment for her ships and that market for her manufactures of which her Emperor has been so long and anxiously in search. For the privilege of this trade, he would gladly allow us the use of a portion of the vast army and navy which he is obliged to keep on foot, but for which he has no employment. He could afford to lend them to us and to maintain them at his own cost on this continent for the freedom of our trade. His fleets could be maintained more cheaply in the Chesapeake and in the Gulf than at Cherbourg or Marseilles; and his armies could be fed with less cost by half at Baltimore and our Western granaries of Louisville and St. Louis than in those mammoth encampments which he maintains in France. A treaty of reciprocal free trade between France and the Southern United States would paralyze the whole business of the North, and cause grass to grow in the streets of New York. England would, of course, make determined resistance to such an alliance, but Russia would support France against England. The politics of this Continent would thus become linked inextricably with the politics of Europe; but the fault would not be ours; and that would be infinitely better than the eternal din of Abolition cant, and never-ending homilies about the rights of the nigger. Moreover, it would be a recurrence to first principles; for French navies would again ride at anchor before Yorktown, and gay uniforms of French soldiers would again enliven the beautiful bluffs of the ancient borough.

R. W. H.

DIRT-EATING AT THE NORTH.

MEETING OF DOUGHFACES IN BOSTON.

[A meeting of Massachusetts Doughfaces was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 8th inst. It was composed almost exclusively of Sham Democrats and a few fossils of defunct Whiggery—men whose devotion to the South has been so conspicuous for years as to exclude them from every post of official influence within the gift of the Commonwealth. Ex-Governor Lincoln of Worcester, assisted by a formidable array of Vice-Presidents, presided. This assembly of Boston Hunkerism, met to do homage at the bloody shrine of Slavery, was not without its priest. The Rev. George W. Blagden, D.D., *Senior* Pastor of the "Old South" and a defender of slavery in the name of Christ, officiated as Chaplain. We give below the resolutions adopted, and an extract from the speech made on the occasion by Edward Everett.]

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Assembled at Faneuil Hall, in the City of Boston, on this 8th day of December, 1859, in consideration of recent events which have so disturbed the public mind, and which have given just occasion for the expression of patriotic sentiments becoming our principles and obligations: Be it

Resolved, That, as citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, forgetting none of the common trials, sacrifices and efforts by which our National Independence was secured, and our National Compact established, we desire to seize this opportunity to renew and to repeat the feelings and duties which bind us to our sister States and to the Federal Union.

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, however many of them may have been misled into extravagant opinions and action, are nevertheless well disposed in general to obey the laws, to maintain order and good government, to respect mutual rights and obligations, and to disapprove whatever influences lead to a contrary direction; and we regret that the main body of our citizens, too much through the neglect of their political duties, have been often falsely exhibited in the eyes of the nation, by those whose councils and conduct do not command the general approbation.

Resolved, That we look with indignation and abhorrence upon the recent invasion of the Commonwealth of Virginia; that however narrow, or however comprehensive, was the clandestine and iniquitous scheme, in its instruments or its execution, it was an undisguised assault upon the peace and welfare of the whole country; that we deeply sympathize with the people of Virginia, in the trying scenes which they have been called to pass through; and proffer them and their civil authorities, and those of the Federal Government, our unfailing countenance and support in the maintenance of the laws of the land and the public peace.

Resolved, That generous love of country is the noblest passion which can animate the soul of a citizen in a free State; and that the opposite sentiment, so zealously propagated of late by the fanatical ministers of a false philanthropy, is fatal to the public peace, honor and welfare, and deserves the severest reprobation of every true American.

Resolved, That the advantages and privileges, through the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoyed by the people of this country are unparalleled in the history of nations; that we can be deprived of them only by our own want of a due sense of their value; and that intestine dissension, so often the bane of ancient and modern States, can alone expose us to the danger of losing possessions so inestimable.

Resolved, That the unchangeable union of these States is indispensable to the prosperity and glory of each and of all; and even to our continued existence as a civilized and enlightened nation; and that, in league with our patriotic brethren throughout the Union, we solemnly pledge ourselves to uphold it with "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

Resolved, That we profoundly honor and cherish the Constitution of the United States, for the consummate wisdom and liberality of its just and salutary provisions; that we are resolved to maintain that charter of our liberties and safety by all honorable means, and faithfully and unreservedly to carry out all its obligations and requirements.

Resolved, That it is the bounden and highest duty of all the citizens of this country to discountenance whatever may tend to produce alienation of feeling, or division of sentiment or interest, between the several States, and zealously to cultivate and promote every influence likely to advance and maintain the most amicable relations among the whole people of the United States.

Resolved, That we hereby denounce, as worthy of the most unqualified condemnation, every demonstration and every expression of sentiment, whether public or private, tending to extenuate or apologize for the conduct or characters of the criminal actors in the late outrage in Virginia, or to make them seem other than the guilty agents and victims of a fanatical and fatal delusion; and we hold those, in whatever station and of whatever profession, whose opinions and exhortations, heretofore uttered, have so manifestly tended to this great wrong and crime, as fully responsible for it and all its evil consequences, before God and the country.

Resolved, That, with the deepest emotions of veneration for the sagacity and patriotic spirit which prompted the sentiments, we reiterate the language of the Father of his Country, in his farewell address to the people of the United States, that "It is of infinite moment that *we* should properly estimate the immense value of *our* national union to *our* collective and individual happiness; that *we* should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming *ourselves* to think and speak of it as of the palladium of *our* political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

"THE CRAWLING SINUOSITIES OF EVERETT."

[Extract from Edward Everett's Speech.]

Some one may ask why does not the South fortify herself against the possible occurrence of such a catastrophe [servile insurrection], by doing away with the one great source from which alone it can spring? This is a question easily asked, and I am not aware that it is our duty at the North to answer it; but it may be observed that great and radical changes in the framework of society, involving the relations of twelve millions of men, will not wait on the bidding of an impatient philanthropy. They can only be brought about in the lapse of time, by the steady operation of physical, economical and moral causes. Have those who rebuke the South for the continuance of slavery considered that neither the present generation nor the preceding one is responsible for its existence? The African slave trade was prohibited by Act of Congress fifty-one years ago, and many years earlier by the separate Southern States. The entire colored population, with the exception, perhaps, of a few hundreds surreptitiously introduced, is native to the soil. Their ancestors were conveyed from Africa in the ships of Old England and New England. They now number between three and four millions. Has any person, or any party or opinion, proposed in sober earnest a practical method of wholesale emancipation? I believe most persons, in all parts of the country, are of opinion, that free labor is steadily gaining ground. It would in my judgment have already prevailed in the two northern tiers of the slaveholding States, had its advances not been unhappily retarded by the irritating agitations of the day. But has any person, whose agitation is entitled to the slightest respect, ever undertaken to sketch out the details of a plan for effecting the change at once, by any legislative measure that could be adopted? Consider only, I pray you, that it would be to ask the South to give up one thousand millions of property, which she holds by a title satisfactory to herself, as the first step. Then estimate the cost of an adequate outfit for the self-support of the emancipated millions; then reflect on the derangement of the entire industrial system of the South and all the branches of commerce and manufactures that depend on its great staples; then the necessity of conferring equal political privileges on the emancipated race, who being free would be content with nothing less, if anything less were consistent with our political system; then the consequent organization of two great political parties on the basis of color, and the eternal feud which would rage between them; and finally the overflow into the free States of a vast multitude of needy and helpless emigrants, who, being excluded from many of them (and among others from Kansas), would prove doubly burdensome, where they are admitted. Should *we*, sir, with all our sympathy for the colored race, give a very cordial reception to two or three hundred thousand destitute emancipated slaves? Does not every candid man see, that every one of these steps presents difficulties of the most formidable character—difficulties for [illegible] as far as I know, no man and no party has proposed a solution? And is it, sir, for the attainment of objects so manifestably impracticable, pursued, too, by the bloody pathways of treason and murder, that we will allow the stupendous evil which now threatens us, to come upon the country? Shall we permit this curiously compacted body politic, the nicest adjustment of human wisdom, to go to pieces? Will we blast this beautiful symmetric form; paralyze this powerful arm of public strength; smite with imbecility this great National Intellect? Where, sir, O where, will be the flag of the United States! Where our rapidly increasing influence in the family of nations! Already they are rejoicing in our divisions. The last foreign journal which I have read, in commenting upon the event at Harper's Ferry, dwells upon it as something that "will compel us to keep the peace with the powers of Europe," and that means to take the law from them in our international relations.

I meant to have spoken of the wreck of that magnificent and mutually beneficial commercial intercourse which now exists between the producing and manufacturing States—on the hostile tariffs in time of peace and the habitually recurring border wars by which it will be annihilated. I meant to have said a word of the Navy of the United States; and the rich inheritance of its common glories. Shall we give up this? The memory of our Fathers—of those happy days when the men of the North and South stood together for the country, on hard fought fields: when the South sent her Washington to Massachusetts, and New England sent her Greene to Carolina—is all this forgotten? "Is all the counsel that we two have shared"; all the joint labors to found this great Republic; is this "all forgot"? and will we permit this last great experiment of Confederate Republicanism, to become a proverb and a bye-word to the Nations? No, fellow-citizens, no, a thousand times no. This glorious Union shall not perish. Precious legacy of our Fathers, it shall go down, honored and cherished to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done, and if we leave them poor in all besides we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings.

From the Boston Atlas.

ONE OF THE MOTIVES.

The following conversation took place in one of the "Citizens' Line" of coaches yesterday:

Mr. A. (addressing a fellow-passenger)—Why, Mr. B., I was surprised to see your name, as well as those of your partners, appended to the call for the Faneuil Hall meeting; I had no idea that you sympathized with the Administration office-holders, or with the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, at whose suggestion, communicated through a son of Gov. Wise, I am told this meeting was started.

Mr. B.—Why, friend A., to tell you the truth, I don't care a d—n for the meeting; I shan't attend, and see no necessity for calling it; but you see, some of our best customers reside at the South, and during the travelling season, on their way to the White Mountains and sea-shore resorts, have usually purchased of us quite liberally, and we thought if we signed this call it might give us a little lift for next season, and you know the meeting can't do any harm, anyhow.

MEETING OF DOUGHFACES IN PHILADELPHIA.

[The Doughfaces of Philadelphia "saved the Union" on the 7th instant, by a meeting in Jayne's Hall. Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, a fossilised Whig transformed into a Sham Democrat, presided. The speakers on the occasion were C. J. Ingersoll, Judge Edward King, Hon. Henry M. Fuller, Hon. Eli K. Price, Mr. Robert Tyler, Benjamin H. Brewster, Esq., and others. We give the resolutions, and extracts from two or three speeches.]

RESOLUTIONS.

The citizens of Philadelphia, assembled in general town meeting, desiring, at this juncture, to express an earnest sympathy with their fellow-citizens of Virginia, recently threatened with an attempt to produce a servile revolt, have

1. Resolved, That the longer the government of the Union exists, with its manifold and inestimable blessings, the more is it consecrated by the affection and devotion of those who, as we do, "know no North, no South, no East, no West," but one common country, whose integrity the Constitution alone secures, and whose varying interests the Union harmonizes and protects.

2. Resolved, That, in the judgment of the citizens of Philadelphia, this sentiment of fidelity to the Union would be fruitless did it not imply an obligation implicitly and practically to recognise every duty which the Constitution prescribes, and obey and carry honestly into execution all the laws of Congress enacted under the Constitution.

3. Resolved, That no part of the Constitution of the United States, or of the laws of Congress, are more obligatory on the citizens of the republic than those which prescribe the duty of restoring, under judicial process, fugitives from labor, and that all attempts or combinations to defeat or frustrate those provisions, and all State legislation to the same end, are condemned by the judgment of this community.

4. Resolved, That, in view of what has recently occurred in the Commonwealth of Virginia, the citizens of Philadelphia disavow, as they have always done, any right or wish to interfere with the domestic institutions of their sister States.

5. Resolved, That they reprobate, in the strongest and clearest terms, all attempts, whether by invasion, secret instigation, or the promulgation, in any form, of fanatical opinions, to excite servile insurrection, or to arouse those who are lawfully held in servitude to violence and bloodshed.

6. Resolved, That, looking merely to the past, they deliberately express their approval of the recent administration of justice in the Commonwealth of Virginia, by which, according to the forms of law, strictly observed, the commission of a great crime has been judicially proved, and the punishment awarded by law to that crime has been inflicted.

7. Resolved, That it is a simple matter of duty to express the sense which the citizens of Philadelphia have of the energy and fidelity with which the Executive authorities of Virginia have discharged, from first to last, the painful and responsible duty which the emergency imposed.

8. Resolved, That the Executive of Pennsylvania, in promptly surrendering, on the requisition of the Governor of Virginia, those fugitives from justice who sought refuge within our borders, discharged his duty to the Constitution, and for doing so merits, and has received, our hearty approval.

9. Resolved, That the prompt suppression, in the first instance, of the Harper's Ferry outbreak is now, and it is hoped will always be, regarded as a most marked illustration of the value of the Union, and the efficiency of its Executive authorities in furnishing, on the spot, and at a moment's notice, the military means to suppress a local and dangerous revolt, and relinquishing to the State authorities the vindication of the violated law.

10. Resolved, That earnestly assuring our brethren of the South that there exists among the people of Pennsylvania a determined spirit to assert and maintain the Constitution of the Union, and the rights of the States under it, we ask, in return, confidence, and that dignified moderation which confidence and patriotic sympathy inspire.

11. Resolved, That these resolutions, embodying the sense of a vast majority of the citizens of Philadelphia, without distinction of party, signed by the officers of the meeting, be published in all the newspapers of Philadelphia and Washington.

EXTRACT FROM JUDGE KING'S SPEECH.

Are we called upon, in order to continue these blessings, to sacrifice any principle of morals, any obligation of rational conscience? Certainly not. We are, on the contrary, only required to do what every principle of sound morals, every obligation of rational conscience demands. We are only required honestly to keep our contract, entered into after full deliberation and reflection, according to its letter, yea, and according to its spirit.

That some of the provisions of the Constitution may interfere with the peculiar views some citizens may entertain affords no reason against its obligatory force. It is a new notion in the law of contracts that one party may repudiate his part of the obligation because he finds it inconvenient or disagreeable to comply with it. There is some grace for repudiation for want of means, none for want of will. The Northern States knew the South possessed slaves, as most of them possessed slaves themselves. They knew that by agreeing to surrender persons "held to service and labor in one State, escaping into another," they agreed to surrender fugitive slaves. To the South this stipulation was a *sine qua non*. It *was conceded* and, unless we mean to destroy the Union to avoid its execution, it *must be complied with*. There is no middle ground to assume, no place left for equivocation to occupy. The letter of the Constitution is clear, its obligation is absolute.

EXTRACT FROM MR. RANDALL'S SPEECH.

We have, however, amongst us a few individuals who are exceptions to the remark that I have made. I mean that body of men and women who have segregated together under the cognomen of Abolitionists. Some years ago, at every successive gubernatorial election, they have voted an abolition (or Lemoine) ticket. It never

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

N[illegible] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS [illegible] greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the [illegible] directions, viz.:

Letters [illegible] for publication, or relating in any way to the [illegible] of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters [illegible] subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business [illegible] should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE VOICE OF BLOOD.

On Friday, Dec. 16th, the day when most of our subscribers will read this, so many of the brave and noble [illegible] who accompanied John Brown as Virginia [illegible] her power will be murdered by the laws and customs, the manners, morals and religion of that mean, cowardly and oppressive State; or, to sum up all in one word, they will be murdered by *the Slave Power*, after having been insulted with that mockery of justice, the form, without the substance, of a jury trial.

The epithets *mean* and *cowardly*, above applied to Virginia, do not refer to the panic terror which thrilled through her whole population, and called together her entire mass of soldiery (with their flint-locked muskets), on the incursion of twenty-two men; nor to the report of one of her citizens, who, having been brought into the arsenal where this force was assembled, returned and reported them as not less than two hundred white men and five hundred negroes; not to the shooting of a cow as an invader, by an agitated sentinel. It is true, as they say in reply, that a panic may happen in any community; though it is also true, as they take care *not* to say, that a community, whose policy is systematically directed to the maintenance of a perennial source of danger within its own bosom, is scarcely entitled to plead the general proposition above mentioned against the ridicule which is apt to befall a frightened boaster.

We call Virginia mean and cowardly because (like *Coupe-en-deux*, in the instructive story of *Pique-Vinaigre*) she is "strong with the weak"; because she is accustomed to "grind the face of the poor"; to bully the feeble and friendless; to strike, again and again, the man who is down; to berate habitually, with brutal and profane insolence, the unfortunate black, who, if he answers like a man, is knocked down and beaten until his "insolence"(!) is subdued, and who, if he lifts his hand in self-defence (like a man, again), is killed on the spot, and this by provision of Virginian laws.

In our Northern cities, the business of a harlot is deemed infamous. Among that wretched crew one is occasionally found who has plunged from that depth of infamy to a lower deep, by selling her daughters, with their own consent, to a life of shame. But Virginian fathers are constantly selling their daughters, *without* their consent, to a life of yet deeper shame and misery, openly doing this as their legitimate and customary business, and boasting, the while, of their "honor as *gentlemen*"! Is there, upon earth, a being more utterly mean and contemptible than those gentlemen (as they call themselves) of the "first families of Virginia," who make their living, from year to year, by the sale of their own flesh and blood? Yes, there is one! The Northern clergyman who defends them!

Slaveholders—especially when they are frightened—are accustomed to bring before us vivid pictures of the horrors of a servile insurrection, terminating in the supremacy of a race hitherto held as slaves.

The natural answer to these representations—made by one who had been accustomed to hear the usual talk of Virginians about slavery and anti-slavery—would be—"[illegible]possible! your slaves are not only well treated, and [con]tented, and cared for in the manner most conducive to [the]ir present and future welfare, but they are *happy* in [the]ir present situation, and most deeply attached to their masters and mistresses, and moreover averse to the acceptance of freedom when it is offered them!"

Alas! the[illegible]a, ever since that night when [illegible] associates entered the arsenal a[illegible]c terror until the murder of the veteran leader was completed, and her determined military attitude, maintained, with most inconvenient and expensive rigidity, until the last of his few remaining followers shall have been strangled, have forever dissipated *that* pretence. It shines forth now, distinct and unmistakable as the writing on Belshazzar's wall, that the slaves are *not* contented, *not* happy, *not* attached (except by chains) to the estates upon which, and to the masters and overseers under whom, they live. Perhaps the case of Deacon Netherland's aged slave in Tennessee (who died under moderate correction inflicted with a hand-saw) may have some parallels even in Virginia! At least, every one must now admit that the white Virginians would consider themselves seriously endangered by a servile insurrection.

Well, if our Southern brethren have been deliberately lying to us, all these past years, respecting the condition of their slaves—if these beneficiaries of the much vaunted patriarchal institution have not only not been happy at all, but have been so very ill treated that murder and rape are the requital necessarily to be expected from their hands, as soon as those hands shake themselves free from their fetters—then, indeed, the matter demands our attention!

Murder, rape and arson! These are what we may naturally expect—so Mr. Everett told the Boston people the other day—these are what the white Virginians actually do expect, *from slaves treated as theirs have been*, as soon as those slaves can stand erect, and act like free men! The case is a most serious one!

Murder and rape are the very worst evils that can befall a community. But when that community consists of our own relatives and friends—"our Southern brethren"—was not Mr. Everett right in volunteering to buckle on his knapsack, and shoulder his musket, and march to their aid whenever such a calamity should befall them? If he *was* right, if the strictest advocates of State rights would not only allow him to "interfere" with the course of things in Virginia to that extent, but would heartily applaud him for it, see what follows!

The horrible contingency supposed is not a hypothesis, but a fact. Our Southern brethren, the black natives of Virginia, are not merely liable to, but have for whole generations been suffering under, the frequent perpetration [of ra]pe and murder. A horde of savage and brutal men, [havin]g the disposition to commit these crimes, and the [powe]r to commit them with impunity, have been "let loose" upon our black Southern brethren through the whole of the half-century which our memory covers. And with such horrible and systematic cruelty have they used this power as not only to ravish and murder at their pleasure through this whole period, but to adjust the laws of the State, with devilish ingenuity, to the accomplishment of a perfect legal impunity for these crimes, *when committed by their party!* In Virginia, law permits, and custom sanctions, the ravishing of any black woman by any white man. If that woman lifts her hand in self-defence, the ravisher, by Virginian law, may kill her on the spot! If the black brother, or father, or husband of that woman shall lift *his* hand in her defence, the ravisher, by Virginian law, may kill *him* on the spot. If the ravisher be a member (or a minister) of the same Baptist, or Methodist, or Episcopal, or Presbyterian Church of which his victim is a member, she is equally powerless there; *for the Church refuses to hear her complaint against him.* If Dr. Pomroy had been a Southern member, instead of a Northern officer, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, no hush-money could have been extorted from him; the stories of any number of black women whom he had outraged might have been told on the house-top without affecting either his purse, or his credit, or his clerical serenity. He himself might have asked them, with that portly dignity which (as the Rev. John Waddington of Southwark, London, remarked at the late annual meeting of the Board in Philadelphia) *so well represented the Board* in his late visit to England—he himself might have asked, Have you any white witnesses? Of course he would previously have taken care that there should be *no* white witnesses! And whatever white man in Virginia does take such care can commit either rape or murder upon any black person with impunity, under the Virginian laws! And if the murders are less frequent than the rapes in that State, it is because the perpetrators of these crimes have the arsenals, the weapons, the civil and military power, the courts, *and the Churches*, all in their own hands, and a long experience of the uselessness of resisting has taught the sufferers to submit without resistance.

Such has been the wretched condition of our black "Southern brethren," with these barbarous freebooters "let loose" upon them, for the last half-century. Edward Everett knew it, but raised not a finger for their relief. Matters were growing worse and worse. Even some of our Northern brethren, passing through, or temporarily residing in, that region of violence, were insulted, assaulted, lynched, for merely a verbal expression of sympathy with the sufferers. Still, Edward Everett sat quietly in his luxurious Northern home, making not the slightest movement towards the redemption of his solemn, voluntary, public pledge! What then happened?

John Brown *did* the thing that Edward Everett merely *promised* to do! John Brown buckled on his knapsack and shouldered his musket! and, with such help as he could raise, *went* to the relief of his Southern brethren! The force which he carried was insufficient, either to accomplish their relief or to cope with the numbers and power of the freebooters. They overpowered John Brown, hacked him with sabres after he had yielded, insulted him with the pretence of a legal trial, under an indictment which would not have stood for a moment in any Northern court (nay, would not have stood for a moment in any Southern court if brought in the interest of a black man against a white one), and, finally, deliberately killed him. And then (matchless impudence!) Edward Everett stands up in Faneuil Hall in Boston—the place which was formerly called the "Cradle of Liberty"—and denounces John Brown as having purposed to introduce into Virginia that reign of terror and outrage which he went there to remove!

John Brown has been murdered! But Virginia cannot sleep in peace, cannot disband her military force, cannot keep her body corporate from shivering and shaking, cannot even resume her customary occupation of slave-breeding, until his brave associates, the men who went with him to do what Edward Everett merely promised to do, are also murdered. Copeland and Green, Cooke and Coppic must be killed next Friday! And when Hazlett and Stevens shall have had *their* pretence of a trial, and shall have been killed in their turn, when that "order" which formerly reigned in Warsaw shall have been re-established in Virginia, and when the monopoly of ravishing and murdering shall again have been secured to our *white* brethren in the South, then—perhaps Virginia thinks—she may sleep and wake, domineer and bluster, rob, murder and ravish, *in peace.*

She deceives herself! The time is forever past when slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading can be carried on in peace! The blood of John Brown cries from the ground, to us as well as to God. This cry is not for revenge upon the wrong-doers—Brown always disclaimed this and always avoided it, though the lying lips of slaveholders and their apologists have sought to blacken him by this, as well as by other slanders—but for the prevention of further wrong-doing. This cry which appeals to God and to us, and which will soon be deepened by the slaughter of Copeland and Green, of Cooke and Coppic, urges a more active, more unremitting, more energetically aggressive resistance to the Slave Power than even *we* have ever yet practised. Be it the care of each one of us, by day and by night, by speech and action, by our individual power and our social influence, to do, even unto the uttermost, all that can be done for the perfect freedom and welfare of even the least of those despised and oppressed little ones, to whom Jesus points us as his representatives; of whom he assures us, that service done to them shall be accepted as unto Him.

JOHN BROWN'S REMAINS IN PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

M[illegible]ttenu: It was stated last Saturday (Dec. 3), in t[illegible] *Bulletin* of this city, and the statement I see rep[illegible] *Tribune*, that a Committee of Reception was [illegible] here at noon on that day to meet Mrs. Brow[n] [illegible] remains of her husband. I sent a note to tha[illegible] *Bulletin*, informing him that there was no such [illegible]. This I did, not merely for the sake of corre[cting an e]rror, but because an opportunity was afforded to let the public know that, in accordance with the implied condition under which the body of her husband had been given up to Mrs. Brown (for decent interment among his kindred), and in deference to his expressed wishes and her feelings, the gentlemen having those honored remains in charge were anxious to avoid publicity. It was not through the friends of Mrs. Brown that it got out that the body of John Brown would reach Philadelphia at noon on Saturday. It was expected that its arrival would not be known, and that opportunity would be given to pause in our city long enough to allow Mrs Brown the rest which she greatly needed, and to admit of the remains being prepared for decent burial. Nothing could be farther from the thoughts of our friends than to find or make an occasion of public excitement and display. Whether the Mayor distrusted their intentions or not, I cannot tell. He would permit no delay. He insisted peremptorily that the body should be carried through by the two o'clock line. So Mrs. Brown was compelled to stay behind and be separated from the remains of her husband. What I have written above I stated in my note to the editor of the *Bulletin*, concluding with the remark that I thought the time was not far distant when the citizens of Philadelphia would be sorry to remember that the remains of John Brown were not suffered to rest a few hours in our city; and that, if the feeling of the public had been up to the greatness of the occasion, the whole population of Philadelphia would have been at the Dépôt, with all our authorities, civil, ecclesiastical and military, at their head. This note the editor of the *Bulletin* did not publish, but merely said in his paper of Monday following that he had received a note from me informing him that there was no Committee of Reception, and of course his reporters were mistaken. I make this statement thus minutely to you because the execution of John Brown is an event of great historical interest, and every circumstance connected with it should be put on record. That the Mayor transcended his authority in thus casting out the body of one of whom an officer of the Navy and a native of South Carolina remarked that this country had not produced his like for a hundred years, must be manifest to all. Suppose that it had been determined to deposit those remains in a private lot at Laurel Hill, would the Mayor have had any right to forbid it, even if there had been thousands of persons crowding round the Dépôt instead of a few hundreds? He was bound to protect the friends of Mrs. Brown in discharging a not unlawful office of humanity. As it was, they acquiesced in the arbitrary proceedings of the civil authority, chiefly because they found that, the arrival of the body having got abroad, the privacy which they desired seemed hardly possible. I cannot help thinking that the Mayor, upon reflection, will see that he exercised an authority which did not belong to him—that his simple duty was respectfully to consult the wishes of the friends of the departed and to protect them in paying decent regard to his remains. I am the more confident that he will see this because, as I was glad, I might almost say proud, to hear from his own lips, as we stood talking together before the arrival of the body, he is fixed in the determination to protect "the most unlimited freedom of speech at all hazards." The authorities of our cities have not always been thus determined. Formerly they were under the impression that, in order to put down mobs, they were bound to silence Free Speech. Our Mayor has given evidence on more than one occasion of his wise and patriotic determination to guard this vital right, and the Police seconds him with a most commendable alacrity. They seemed two or three times of late to be animated by the feelings of men who are discharging not only an official obligation, but a clear personal duty. So it was on the occasion of our great meeting on the ever-memorable Friday. They were present in full force. And although hisses were not wanting, we could not but feel that the city was protecting us from more serious interruption in the exercise of our great American Right. I, for one, am eager to acknowledge every intimation that is given of a just sense in the minds of our public officers of the priceless worth of the sacred right of Free Speech. There is nothing which the Slave Power more hates and threatens. To the Union-saving, anti-Brown meetings that are called, what has the South to say, but, "Gentlemen, it is all very well—your fine speeches—your loving expressions. But if you do really mean to keep on terms with us, crush out all that sympathy that is expressed there at the North for the oppressed and for those friends of the oppressed whom we lynch and hang. Help us to extend over your part of the country the absolute suppression of free thought, the Reign of Terror which we have established among ourselves. And then we shall be convinced of the sincerity of your fraternal protestations." The constant and wearisome talk here at the North is that the Slave States will leave the Union. Not a bit of it. That's not the game yet, you may depend. The struggle for some time will be to keep the Government, and goad the Free States into rebellion. No outrages will be stickled at that will precipitate this end, and give the Slave Power, in and through the Government, pretexts for crushing out Free Thought and Free Speech. The terrible struggle has begun, and, in point of spirit and temper, an appalling parallel is beginning to be disclosed between the Republicans of to-day and the *Girondins* of the old French Revolution. Heaven grant that the parallel may not continue to the end! Ever yours, W. H. F.

Philadelphia, Dec. 6, 1859.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE MARTYR OF 1859.

OFT they who walk with eyes above the stars
 Stumble on scaffolds, meshed in wicked laws;
 Then their great souls, strong in a righteous cause,
Smile on the legal death, which only mars
The fleshly instruments of their high deed.
 Despoiled of these, in freer power diffuse,
 Each bends his Nation's future to his use,
And reigns in juster laws and milder creed.
LORD CHRIST was blasphemer to his own days;
 HAMPDEN was traitor to his lawful king;
 WARREN was rebel! Lo! the ages bring
Altars to Him—to these immortal bays.
And thou! martyred to-day for thy great love of [illegible]
In each more loving age to come shalt greatly l[illegible]

December 2, 1859.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN BRO[WN].

THE PASSAGE OF THE BODY TO NORTH [ELBA]

THE FUNERAL.

Speeches of Mr. McKim and Mr. Phill[ips].

From Our Special Reporter.*

TROY, Dec. 10, 1859.

THE friends upon whom devolved the duty of following the remains of John Brown to their final resting-place have fulfilled that duty, and I sit down to complete the history of the matter. You have already published a record of events up to the time of the arrival of the body in this city, and at this point I commence my narrative.

The party reached Troy on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and stopped at the American House. They came without notice, but news of their arrival soon spread, and some of the most respectable people of the place called to express their condolence with Mrs. Brown, and to testify to the gentlemen who accompanied her their respect for their mission.

The American House is a Temperance hotel, and had been Capt. Brown's usual stopping-place when in this city. The landlord showed, with much pride, the autograph of John Brown in several places on his register, and said that he had been offered tempting prices if he would consent to part with them. The party only tarried long enough to make their connection with the next train North; but, during this brief space, a large number of persons, including not a few of the colored class, sought and found an opportunity of shaking Mrs. Brown's hand, in token of their sympathy. They would have formed a procession to accompany her from the hotel to the dépôt, but a gentleman, fearing it might be painful to Mrs. Brown's feelings, and unwilling to add, even in the slightest, to her trials, discouraged them.

It was at the American House that Oliver Brown took leave of his young bride in September last, shortly before the affair at Harper's Ferry, in which he lost his life. Mr. Brown had indicated it, in his last interview with his wife, as a proper place for her to stop at on her way home.

Starting at 4 o'clock p. m., the party reached Rutland, Vt., about 10; there they remained until 5 the next morning, at which hour they resumed their journey, and at 10 a. m. reached Vergennes, Vt. There they stopped at the fine large hotel kept by the gentlemanly Messrs. Stevens, where they were [illegible]ably entertained, their wants provid[ed illegible]e news that the [illegible] John Brown had ar[illegible] the body of her [illegible] p[illegible]d like will-fir[e illegible] he hotel was cr[illegible] leading citizens of [illegible] who came to expr[illegible] respect and sympat[hy illegible]ges were provided to convey the body [illegible]cty accompanying [illegible] Lake shore. A proc[ession illegible] formed in front, [illegible] and in a very shor[t illegible] time, and, when t[illegible] came to start, all [moved] forward amid the tolling of solemn bells. Arrived at the bridge over Otter Creek, a distance of about a third of a mile, the gentlemen composing the procession halted, and, forming themselves into a double line and uncovering their heads, allowed the body, with the stricken widow and her friends, to pass through; and thus they took their leave. It was a spontaneous tribute, and an affecting sight.

At the Lake shore a boat was in readiness, which, deflecting from its usual course, landed the party close by the town of Westport; thus, by saving time and trouble, accelerating them on their journey. Mrs. Brown was now among the friends and familiar acquaintances of her husband, and every kindness that the occasion called for was freely bestowed; and her companions, too, shared in the good will which was manifested for her. Without delay conveyances were provided, and the little cortege was soon on its way to Elizabethtown, where they were to tarry for the night. A heavy rain was falling, and the snow was disappearing so fast that it had been deemed best to substitute wheel-carriages for sleighs. On reaching Elizabethtown, which is the seat of justice of Essex, the party stopped at the hotel kept by E. A. Adams, Esq., who is also Sheriff of the County. Mr. Adams at once offered the Court-House as a place in which to deposit the body for the night, with an assurance that a little company should be formed to guard it. This offer was accepted, and in a few minutes, raining as it was, and without any previous notice, a respectable procession was formed, and the body borne to its temporary resting-place. The house was soon filled by the leading residen[ts] of the town, eager to learn from Messrs. Phillips and McKim all the particulars of the execution. They found it hard to realize that their old friend and fellow-citizen, the man whom they had known so well, and only known to respect, had actually been put to death. They had not thought that, in the last extremity, Virginia would do the bloody deed. They did not see how Gov. Wise could have deliberately consented to the death of such a man.

The party were now within twenty-five mil[es of their] destination. But the road lay over a mountai[n illegible] well-nigh impassable; so that, short as was the distance, it would take the whole of the next day (Wed[nesday illegible]) [to] accomplish the journey. Mr. Henry Adams, a [illegible] sheriff, volunteered to start off in the night, w[ith a fresh] horse, to notify the family of the party's appro[ach illegible] young men, including several lawyers of the place, took it upon themselves to sit up all night in the court-hou[se] as a guard of the body. Among them were O. Abel, J[illegible] J. Q. Dickinson, R. Hand, and Mr. Haskell; the names of the other two I did not learn. Among the gentlemen who called to express their sympathy with Mrs. Brown, [and] pay their respects to her escort, were Judge Hall, [illegible] Hon. O. Kellogg, late Member of Congress, G. L. Nich[ol]son, Esq., and many others, all without respect of part[y].

At daylight the next morning the journey was resumed. The roads were found to be even worse than was antici[pated]. At 10 o'clock the party arrived at the house of Phineas Norton, an old friend of Mr. Brown, living in the town of Keene. It had taken all that time to accompli[sh] these 8 miles. Mr. Norton welcomed them most hospitably. He had known Mr. Brown well, and loved him dearly. He had not been able to realize that the sentence of death would really be executed. The proof furnished by the coffin containing the dead body quite overcame him.

After stopping a short time for refreshment, the party again started on their way. Slowly they climbed the mountain pass, and as slowly descended on the other side. The sun had set by the time they reached North Elba, and it was after night when they approached the house [to] which they were destined. As they drew nigh, they saw moving lights, which, on their nearer approach, proved to be lanterns in the hands of men who had come out [to] meet them. By these they were conducted in silence [to] the house. Not a word was spoken. These friends had been waiting all the afternoon in anxious expectation, and, unable to bear the suspense any longer, had come out to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the delay. The carriage which bore Mrs. Brown stopped at the door. She alighted with difficulty, being much agitated. Instantly there was a sharp, low cry of "Mother!" and in answer, [illegible] the same tone of mingled agony and tenderness, "O! Anna!" and the mother and daughter were [locked] in a long, convulsed embrace. Then followed the [illegible] scene with the next daughter Sarah; and then [Ell]en, the little girl of five, was brought, and another [b]urst of anguish and love ensued. Then came the daughter-in-law, Oliver's widow, and there went up a low wail, before which flint itself would have softened. It was a scene entirely beyond description.

But soon all was composed. The strangers had been in[trod]uced. Emotion was put under restraint—no acces[illegible] [t]ask with these people—and all was quiet. The evening meal had been ready for some time, and the family and guests, who by this time had received some accessions to their number, took their seats. Supper was soon despatched; no one, cold and wearisome as had been the day's travel, was much disposed to eat.

In a few moments Mrs. Brown announced to Mr. McKim and Mr. Phillips that the family were all gathered in another room, waiting anxiously to hear a recital of what had happened; and the rest were invited to join them. There was Salmon Brown, the only son at home, an intelligent-looking and handsome man of 23, tall, stout, with [illegible] and a full and becoming beard; then [Ruth T]hompson, the eldest daughter, a child of [h]is first wife; then the daughters and [illegible] already alluded to, besides some others whose names I do not recollect.

Mr. McKim, at Mrs. Brown's request, began, and related, as well as he could in so short a space as was allowed, all that had happened of particular interest to them from the [time of the]ir mother's arrival in Philadelphia, on the 12th [of Novemb]er, up to the moment. He told how she had [been placed u]nder his charge by Mr. Higginson, with a [request tha]t he would aid her in making her way to Vir[ginia; and] that, finding no one to whose care he might [commit her,] he had accompanied her himself to Baltimore; [that, arrivin]g there, she had been met with a counter-[de]spatch, directing her to return immediately; [that she had] returned the same day to Philadelphia, there [remaining,] with the exception of a few days spent at [illegible], N. J.) with sympathizing and congenial friends, till the near approach of the day fixed for the execution. He told them of their mother's letter to Gov. Wise, asking for the remains of her husband and sons, when all should be over; of the Governor's answer, which, at his request, Mr. Phillips then read, with the order also to Gen. Taliaferro; of the letter she had received from Mr. Brown, saying he was now willing she should come to see him, if she thought herself equal to the task; of her desire to go, if she could be accompanied by a friend; of the willingness, as he was sure, of hundreds in Philadelphia to undertake that task, and of the cheerfulness and pleasure with which those whom it was agreed should bear her company tendered their services. He spoke of the delicacy and generosity with which his associate, Mr. Tyndale, had performed his part of the duty, and said that Mrs. McKim and himself had regarded the permission extended to them of aiding in so holy and solemn a mission as an honor and a privilege. He then described the journey to Baltimore; the difficulty experienced there till they produced Gov. Wise's letter as a passport; spoke of the courtesy of the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and of the Marylanders generally; of the kindness of Col. Shutt, of Mr. Phelps, of Dr. McDougal (of the United States Army), to whom they were introduced on the way; of Mrs. Fouke at the Wager House, at Harper's Ferry; of Capt. Moore, the officer in command of the Virginia troops at that station; of Col. Lee, the gentlemanly commander there of the United States soldiery; of Col Barber, Superintendent of the United States Armory; of Mr. Moore, one of his officials; of Mr. Yantis; of Capt. Sinn of Frederick, and of the courtesy of many others. He had something to say of the delay that had been experienced at Harper's Ferry, and of the assurances that had been given them that the respectable people of Virginia did not approve, but strongly condemned, it. He made no comments on the refusal of Gen. Taliaferro to allow either of Mrs. Brown's companions to accompany her to Charlestown; nor did he call attention to the fact, while stating it, that though Mrs. Brown had arrived at Harper's Ferry at 6 o'clock a. m. on Thursday, she was [not allowed to go] to her husband till [3] o'clock p. m. of th[e same day], and that [the i]nterview was limit[ed] [illegible] [o]ne not m[illegible]o hours. He was [illegible]his [illegible] or to say [illegible] that would need [illegible]me [illegible] bleeding [illegible] then he came to [illegible] dis[illegible] [illegible] of th[illegible] Oliver and W[atson illegible]ther [illegible]empt at d[illegible], he had a diffi[illegible] per[illegible] Isabel, [illegible] of Watson, w[illegible]lably at the ti[illegible] the big, tender, [illegible]yee of Martha, the interesting widow of Oliver, [illegible] upon him, and for a moment he seemed embarrassed; but, with a few words on the comparative unimportance of what becomes of one's body after the spirit, which is its life, has taken its flight, and upon the natural changes in the human tissues which the lapse of time must necessarily produce, he added that Col. Barber had given his assurance that all the bodies should be disinterred and reburied with becoming propriety; and then passed on to other topics. He told them as much as he could recall of what had been related to him of their father's last hours, and lingered, evidently to their great gratification, over anecdotes which he had heard illustrative of his bravery and other noble qualities.

When Mr. McKim had finished, Mr. Phillips took up the theme, and, in the tenderest and most beautiful manner, pursued it, till all tears were wiped away. A holy, pensive joy seemed gradually to dispel all grief, and a becoming filial and conjugal pride to reconcile these stricken ones to their destiny.

It was a late hour, and the duties and trials of the morrow admonished the party that some of them had need of rest.

The house in which the family live is a medium-sized frame building, such as is common in that part of the country. It has four rooms on the first floor, and corresponding space above. The company was comparatively large, but ample accommodations were found for all; and, though the night was intensely cold, a bountiful supply of good, warm bed-clothing kept all comfortable.

The next morning I had an opportunity, for the first time, of seeing the place as it appeared in daylight, and of beholding the surrounding scenery. On opening the front door, a glorious sight appeared. Directly in front, apparently—perhaps from the thinness of the atmosphere—within two or three miles, but really much further off, looms up a rugged chain of the Adirondacks; broken, jagged, massive, and wonderfully picturesque. Off to the left stands in solitary grandeur, the towering pyramid [of "Wh]ite Face"—deriving its name from the color [illegible] on its summit. The Saranac and Ausable [illegible] side of it; and just at its base, they tell us, [illegible]d, a sheet of water famed through all this [region] of fine lakes for its exquisite beauty. On the [illegible] be seen, in the distance, the peak of Mt. Marcy; [illegible]e right again of that, and still further on, Mac[illegible] [th]e loftiest pinnacle of the Adirondack range, raises his towering crest. Just the country, my first thought was, for the heroic soul of John Brown; and a proper place, too, to be the receptacle of his ashes.

Mr. Brown had expressed a desire that his body should be laid in the shadow of a rock, not far from his house. This rock, after the more striking features of the scene [jus]t named, was the first object to arrest my attention. It stands about fifty feet from the house, is about eight feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty feet square. It is a very picturesque object, and the recollection of it would not unnaturally suggest to the mind of Mr. Brown a place for the interment of his body.

The Brown Farm at North Elba is on the highest arable spot of land in the State, if, indeed, soil so hard and sterile can be called arable. The question was asked in my hearing, why Mr. Brown should have chosen a spot so difficult of cultivation, and yielding so poor a requital to labor? and the answer was, that he had come there in pursuance of the great purpose of his life. The land formerly belonged to Gerrit Smith, and lies near to those large tracts which that gentleman had presented as a free gift to certain colored people; and it was to aid these colored people, and through them to benefit their race, that he had originally come to a place so unpromising to the agriculturist.

The funeral was to take place at 1 o'clock from the house; by that time the neighbors were gathered and all were ready. The country is sparsely settled, and there was room, with some crowding, for all who came. The services were commenced with a hymn, which had been a great favorite with Mr. Brown, and with which it was said he had successively sung all his children to sleep:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
 The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee has come," &c.

It was sung to the good old tune of Lenox. It will be at once recognized by all who know anything about the old-fashioned sacred music, and it will readily be seen why it was a favorite with Mr. Brown. The air has a stirring, half-military ring, and the words [a] smack of liberty. Its themes are 'jubilee,' "ransom," &c., and it seems to blow the trumpet of freedom.

After the hymn, followed an impressive prayer by the Rev. Joshua Young, of Burlington, Vt. It was a spontaneous offering, as will be readily inferred when I say that Mr. Young, with his friend Mr. Bigelow, had travelled all night through the storm and over the dismal mountain to be present at the burial. It was as follows:

PRAYER.

Almighty and most merciful God! we lift our souls unto Thee, and bow our hearts to the unutterable emotions of this impressive hour. O God, Thou alone art our sufficient help. Open Thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth thy praise. *Thou* art speaking unto us; as in these grand and majestic scenes of nature, so in the great and solemn circumstances which have brought us together. Our souls are filled with awe and are subdued to silence, as we think of that great, reverential, heroic soul, whose mortal remains we are now to commit to the earth, "dust to dust," while his spirit dwells with God who gave it, and his memory is enshrined in every pure and holy heart. At his open grave, as standing by the altar of Christ, the divinest friend and Savior of Man, may we consecrate ourselves anew to the work of Truth, Righteousness and Love, forevermore to sympathize with the outcast and the oppressed, with the humble and the least of our suffering fellow-men.

We pray for these afflicted ones—this sadly bereaved and afflicted family. O! God, hear our prayer. We pray for the widow and for the fatherless. O! Lord, put underneath them thy everlasting arms, and grant unto them the richest consolations of thy Holy Spirit. But, Father in Heaven, in imitation of the self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice of the great departed, putting aside all personal anguish and all private grief, we supplicate thy special blessing upon God's despised ones—the poor enslaved, for whom our brother laid down his life. O! God, cause the oppressed to go free; break every yoke and prostrate the pride and prejudice that dare to lift themselves up; and O! hasten on the day when no more wrong or injustice shall be done in the earth; and all men shall love one another with pure hearts, fervently, and love God and do his will with all their soul and with all their strength; which we ask in the name and as the disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen.

SPEECH OF J. MILLER MCKIM.

Mr. J. M. MCKIM then spoke as follows: If he were to consult his feelings, he would be silent. Words were inadequate to such an occasion. These mountain peaks, this weeping group, the body of this great, good man before him—what could he add to their eloquence? And yet he did not feel altogether at liberty to be silent. It was due to these weeping widows, these bereaved children, these sorrowing friends and neighbors, that he should say something—something in honor of the hero whose body was to day to be laid in the dust—something for the comfort of those whose hearts had been broken, and whose hearth-stones were left desolate. But what should he say? What *could* he say of a man whom they had known better than he? He had not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Brown. He had never looked on his face till it was cold in death. But he had become acquainted with him by the developments made in the last few weeks. How he honored, loved and admired him, words could not express. To stand under his roof and aid in his burial, was the greatest honor that had ever been vouchsafed him.

That John Brown was a brave, magnanimous, truthful, consistent man, rested not on the testimony of admiring friends, but was freely conceded by his open enemies. He had enjoyed, as they knew, the privilege of accompanying Mrs. Brown in her sacred and solemn mission to Virginia. He had witnessed the respect and the expressions of sympathy with which she was met by the best classes of people from the time she crossed the slave border till the time of her return. In Baltimore, on the railway, at Harper's Ferry—wherever she went—Southern men treated her with respect, and comforted her by stories of her husband and her children illustrative of their bravery and consistency. A[illegible] officer, with epaulettes on both shoulders, had [illegible] presence of a promiscuous group at the Harp[er's Ferry h]otel; "I'll tell you what my opinion is of Br[own. He is] one of that kind of men that God Almighty [illegible]t many of above ground." Another officer, [illegible]gh in command, and one of the most thorou[gh] [illegible]very Virginians that we met during our vi[sit, took her] aside, the night before we left, and said: "[illegible] like to make the request of Mrs. Brown at such a time as this, but I desire very much to get from her some little memento of Captain Brown—his autograph, or some other like relic—any trifle that she could give me I should greatly value."

Mr. McKim then went on to detail some of the last incidents before the execution; how Mr. Brown stepped forth from the prison door, with face serene and radiant; with what ease he mounted the wagon in which he was to be carried to the scaffold, and how cheerfully, as he sat on his coffin, by the side of his j[ailor] and friend, Capt. Avis, he conversed on the way; how delighted he was with the landscape; how emphatic he was in condemning the exclusion from the field of citizens, and allowing only the military to witness the execution; with what elastic step he ascended the scaffold, and with what dignity, composure, self-poise and indescribable grandeur he passed through the remaining incidents of the tragic chapter.

He would attempt nothing as a tribute to John Brown. The facts of his life, and especially the latter part of it, were his best eulogy, and he needed to say nothing by way of comfort to his bereaved widow and children. Most sincerely did he sympathize with them. But they sorrowed not as those having no hope. They had much to console them. Dear children, said the speaker, my heart bleeds for you; but your father, your husbands, your brothers not only died bravely, but they died usefully; they were all benefactors; they were all martyrs in a holy cause. Not only had he heard testimony borne at the South to the bravery and uprightness of the leader in the extraordinary undertaking, but similar testimony, only in a less degree, to the same qualities on the part of his sons. Oliver Brown, Watson Brown, Dauphin Thompson, William Thompson, all were attested to be—with the exception of this one act, the assault on Harper's Ferry—without reproach, as well as without fear. Don't weep for them, then, as though their lives had been spent in vain, and their death would prove of no effect. The world will yet acknowledge itself debtor to them, and history will embalm their memory. And it is due to those who are in prison to say, that they too are not unworthy a tribute on this occasion. Of Copeland and Green he had heard nothing while at Harper's Ferry. This was eulogy. They belonged to the oppr[essed an]d hated race, and if anything could be said to their disadvantage, we should have heard it ere this. Stevens he had heard was a bad man; but when young Anna Brown took leave of him last summer, he said, "Give my love to all good people—to all that love the truth." Bad men send no such messages. As for Coppic, a letter which he held in his hand would illustrate his character. It was brought to Mrs. Brown at Harper's Ferry, by the man who delivered to her the body of her husband. It is as follows:

LETTER FROM EDWIN COPPIC TO MRS. BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, Va., Nov. —, 1859.

MRS. JOHN BROWN—*Dear Madam:* I was very sorry that your request to see the rest of the prisoners was not complied with. Mrs. Avis brought me a book, whose pages are full of truth and beauty, entitled "Voices of the True-Hearted," which she told me was a present from you. For this dear token of remembrance, please accept my many thanks.

My comrade, J. E. Cook, and myself, deeply sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. We were both acquainted with Anna and Martha. They were to us as sisters, and as brothers we sympathize with them in this dark hour of trial and affliction.

I was with your sons when they fell. Oliver lived but a very few moments after he was shot. He spoke no word, but yielded calmly to his fate. Watson was shot at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and died about 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He suffered much. Though mortally wounded at 10 o'clock, yet at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon he fought bravely against the men who charged on us. When the enemy were repulsed, and the excitement of the charge was over, he began to sink rapidly.

After we were taken prisoners, he was placed in the guard-house with me. He complained of the hardness of the bench on which he was lying. I begged hard for a bed for him, or even a blanket, but could obtain none for him. I took off my coat and placed it under him, and held his head in my lap, in which position he died, without a groan or struggle.

I have stated these facts, thinking that they may afford to you, and to the bereaved widows they have left, a mournful consolation.

Give my love to Anna and Martha, with our last farewell.

Yours, truly, EDWIN COPPIC.

How beautiful! How disinterested! [There was much weeping during the reading of this letter.]

Some of Capt. Brown's friends speak as though they regarded the result at Harper's Ferry as a disaster. Disastrous in some respects it was, but in no respect a failure. Mr. Brown said, in one of his last letters, "The Captain of my salvation, who is also the Captain of Liberty, has taken away my sword of steel, and put into my hands [the] sword of the Spirit." This is well said, like all his utterances. With his sword of steel he struck the hollow of Southern society, political and social, and revealed its emptiness. He made such developments of the weakness, imbecility, and utter powerlessness in an emergency of the slaveholding Commonwealth, as are certain to [hasten] the extinction of the whole slave system. He ha[illegible] better than he knew." He did much better th[an illegible] had established, as it would appear was h[illegible] armed exodus of fugitive slaves. He di[illegible] than if he had organized—which certainly wa[s illegible] purpose—an insurrection.

And with the sword of the Spirit what a [illegible] done! "A two-edged sword" it has been—[illegible] the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." And [illegible] rably has he wielded it! None could re[illegible] utterances were in the demonstration of the S[pirit and] with power. They have gone out to th[illegible] doing their work. They were words of insp[iration illegible] ing neither alteration nor addition. Thus, wi[th the sword] of the flesh and the sword of the Spirit John [Brown] performed a double mission; and the handwr[iting] dooms the system already flames out upon [illegible]

Mr. McKim said that in selecting the place [for the] grave, they had followed the directions given [by Mr.] Brown to his wife in their last interview. [He a]dded that Mr. Brown had given directions for an inscri[ption on] his tombstone, and at this point he read the first [illegible] part of a paper which was brought to Mrs. Br[own after] the execution—the whole of which, through the k[indness] of the family, the reporter is permitted to copy, [illegible]

TO BE INSCRIBED ON THE OLD FAMILY MONUMENT [AT NORTH] ELBA.

OLIVER BROWN, born ——, 1839, was killed at Harper's F[erry], Nov. 17, 1859.

WATSON BROWN, born ——, 1835, was wounded at Harp[er's Ferry], Nov. 17, and died Nov. 19, 1859.

(My wife can fill up the blank dates as above.)

JOHN BROWN, born May 9, 1800, was executed at Charles[town], Dec. 2, 1859.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co. Va. Dec[illegible]

It is my desire that my wife have all my personal pr[operty not] previously disposed of by me; and the entire use of all [my landed] property during her natural life; and that, after her [death, the pro]ceeds of such land be equally divided between all my [then living] children; and that what would be a child's share be g[iven to the] children of each of my two sons who fell at Harper's Ferry, [and that] a child's share be divided among the children of my now [living chil]dren who may die before their mother (my present bel[oved wife]). No formal will can be of use when my expressed wishes [are made] known to my *dutiful* and beloved family. JOHN B[ROWN].

MY DEAR WIFE: I have time to inclose the within and t[illegible] which I forgot yesterday, and to bid you another Farew[ell. "Be of] good cheer," and God Almighty *bless*, save, comfort, guide [and keep] you to "the end." Your affectionate husband, JOHN [BROWN].

The addendum, said the speaker, was undoubted[ly the] last work of the brave man's pen. Note his [com]posure! He speaks as though he were about starting [on] a journey!

Mr. McKim concluded with exhortations to the [family] and friends to be comforted, assuring them that by [the] sacrifices they had made large contributions to the [cause] of Freedom and Humanity; that in this respect [their] position was an honorable, and by many would be regarded as an enviable one, and that the hearts of tens [of thou]sands beat in the deepest sympathy with them.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS followed Mr. McKim, and said:

How feeble words seem here! How can I [illegible] utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to dis[turb the] harmony which his life breathes round this h[ome. One] and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I h[ave known] him five years," "I have known him ten years." [It] seems to me as if we had none of us known him. [How] our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by [day, as] he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, [tender,] Christian life! We see him walking with radi[ant] face to the scaffold, and think what an iron he[art, what] devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning "[My] dear wife and children, every one"—see him [stoop] on his way to the scaffold and kiss that negro [child] —and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Ma[rvellous] old man! We have hardly said it when the lov[ed forms] of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, en[circle him], and we remember he is not alone, only the majest[ic centre] of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surround[ed by] his household, to tell the slaves there were still [hearts] and right arms ready and nerved for their service. [From] this roof four, from a[illegible]g one two, to ma[ke up] that score of heroes. [illegible]ute each looked in[to the] face of Virginia, how [illegible]ch stood at his post, meeting death cl[illegible] that master-v[oice,] "It is enough." And [illegible]ping children and [illegible] seem so lifted up and [illegible] by long, single devotion to his grea[t illegible] that we dare to [tell] them how blessed they are in the privilege of th[illegible] that in the last throbs of those brave young hearts, [which] lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thou[ghts of] them mingled with love to God and hope for th[e slave]. He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say [this] is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we k[now]. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate [the] least. Men walked Boston streets, when night [fell on] Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Fool[ish man!] Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure [his] better?" We see him standing colossal that day [on the] blood-stained sod, and severing the tie that bound [Boston] to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to [rule] in New England. History will date Virginia E[mancipa]tion from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still [there]. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your [hills, it] looks green for months—a year or two. Still, it [is timber,] not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of [the slave] system; it only breathes—it does not live—here[after]. Men say, "How coolly brave!" But in him [the fear]less courage seems the least of his merits. How [gen]tleness graced! When the frightened town [wanted] to bear off the body of the Mayor, a ma[n said], "I will go, Miss Fowke, under their rifles, if [you will] stand between them and me." He knew he c[ould trust] their gentle respect for woman. He was right. [She stood] in the thick of the fight and bore off the body in [safety]. That same girl flung herself between Virginia [rifles and] your brave young Thompson. They had no pi[ty; the] merciless bullet reached him, spite of woman's [prayer], though the fight had long been over. How G[od] blessed him! How truly he may say, "I have f[ought a] good fight, I have *finished* my course." Truly [illegible] *finished*—done his work. God granted him the pr[ivilege] to look on his work accomplished. He said, "I w[ill show] the South that twenty men can take possession [of and] hold it twenty-four hours, and carry away all [the slaves] who wish to escape." Did he not do it? O[ne] night he stood master of Harper's Ferry—cool [and] unchecked with a score or a hundred slaves. Th[eir] sympathy and secret approval are shown by the quivering lips of lovers of slavery, asking "O[h, why did] he not take his victory and go away?" W[ho stopped] him at last? Not startled Virginia. Her he [con]quered. The Union crushed—seemed to crush [him. In] reality God said, "That work is done; you hav[e shown] that a slave State is only Fear in the mask of [illegible]; come up higher, and baptize by your martyrdom [millions of] hearts into holier life." Surely such a life is [not a failure]. How vast the change in men's hearts! Insurr[ection was] a harsh, horrid word to millions a month ag[o. John] Brown went a whole generation beyond it, cla[iming the] right for white men to help the slave to freedom [by arms]. And now men run up and down, not disputing [the princi]ple, but trying to frame excuses for Virginia's ha[nging of] so pure, honest, high-hearted, and heroic a man. [Virgi]nia stands at the bar of the civilized world. Round her victim crowd the apostles and martyrs, [all the] brave, high souls who have said, "God is G[od," and] trodden wicked laws under their feet. As I stood at his grandfather's gravestone, brought here from [Connec]ticut, telling, as it does, of his death in the Rev[olution, I] thought I could hear our hero-saint saying, "[They] gave their swords to the oppressor—the slave s[till] before the pledged force of this nation. I give m[ine] to the slave my fathers forgot.' If any s[pot] reflected the smile of Heaven, surely it was th[at] at Harper's Ferry. If our God is ever the Lord [of hosts,] making one man chase a thousand, surely that i[s a place] might claim him for their Captain. Harper's F[erry was] no single hour, standing alone—taken out from s[illegible] life—it was the flowering of fifty years of si[ngle-eyed] devotion. He must have lived wholly for one [great idea,] when these who owe their being to him and th[ose whom his] love has joined, group so harmoniously around [him], accepting serenely his and her part. I feel [it] stand under such a roof. Hereafter you will tel[l your children,] standing at your knees, "I saw John Brown buri[ed; I stood] under his roof." Thank God for such a master. [Could] we have asked a nobler representative of the C[hristian] North putting her foot on the accursed system of s[lavery]. As time passes, and these hours float back into [history,] men will see against the clear December sky th[at gal]lows, and round it thousands of armed men guarding Virginia from her slaves. On the other side, the serene [face] of that calm old man, as he stoops to kiss the child [of a] forlorn race. Thank God for our emblem. May [illegible]

*This report, though it appeared first in *The Tribune*, was intended for THE STANDARD as well. It has been revised by the writer since its publication in the first-named paper.

bring Virginia to blot out hers in repentant shame, and cover that hateful gallows and soldiery with thousands of broken fetters. What lesson shall those lips teach us? Before that still, calm brow let us take a new baptism. How can we stand here without a fresh and utter consecration? These tears! how shall we dare even to offer consolation? Only lips fresh from such a vow have the right to mingle their words with your tears. We envy you your nearer place to these noble children of God. I do not believe slavery will go down in blood. Ours is the age of thought. Hearts are stronger than swords. That last fortnight! How sublime its lesson! the Christian one of conscience—of truth. Virginia is weak because each man's heart said amen to John Brown. His words—they are stronger even than his rifles. These crushed a State. These have changed the thoughts of millions, and will yet crush slavery. Men said, "Would he had died in arms"—God ordered better, and granted to him and the slave those noble prison hours—that single hour of death; granted him a higher than the soldier's place, that of teacher; the echoes of his rifles have died away in the hills—a million hearts guard his words. God bless this roof—make it bless us. We dare not say bless you, children of this home; you stand nearer to one whose lips God touched, and we rather bend for your blessing. God make us all worthier of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he girded himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart ever dreamed God granted him. He sleeps in the blessings of the crushed and the poor, and men believe more firmly in virtue, now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope.

CLOSING SCENES.

Another hymn was then sung, during which the coffin was placed on a table before the door, with the face exposed, so that all could see. It was almost as natural as life—far more so than an ordinary corpse. There was a flush on the face, resulting from the peculiar mode of death, and nothing of the pallor that is usual when life is extinct.

Mr. Phineas Norton, who acted as the friend of the household on the occasion, invited all who desired to do so to come and take a last look, and then make way for the family. The neighbors went forward as invited, and took their final leave of all that remained of their cherished friend; and then followed the family. It was a touching sight to see those widows, the eldest still in the prime of life, and the younger ones in its opening bud, deprived of their natural companions, leaning, as they stood round the coffin, on the arms of strangers. Such a sight I should not expect to see again if I should live a thousand years.

This scene over, the next that followed was the short procession from the house to the grave. First came Mrs. Brown, supported by Wendell Phillips; then the widow of Oliver Brown, leaning on the arm of Mr. McKim, who, in his other hand, held that of the little girl Ellen; next came the widow of Watson Brown, supported by the Rev. Mr. Young, and after that, though whether next in order I cannot now tell, the widow of William Thompson, leaning on the arm of one of the family. Salmon Brown and his sisters followed, with Henry Thompson, and Ruth, his wife, John Brown's eldest daughter; and then Roswell Thompson and his wife, the aged parents of the two young men of that name who were killed at Harper's Ferry. Then followed the friends and neighbors. As the body was lowered into the grave, a gush of grief, apparently beyond control, burst from the family, and Mr. Young stood forth to comfort them. Raising his deep and mellow voice, and quoting the words written to Timothy by Paul when he was brought before Nero the second time, and just before his death, he said: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me; and not to me only, but unto all that love his appearing"; which words he followed with the benediction:

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessing of God our Father, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be and abide with us all, now and forever. Amen."

The words seemed to fall like balm on all who heard them. The sobs were hushed, and soon the family, with the rest, retired from the grave, leaving the remains of the loved one to their last repose.

THE RETURN.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock. Messrs. Phillips and McKim, and all of us, indeed, were anxious to be on our way home. A long and difficult journey was before us, and as the worst part was to be encountered at the outset, it was important that we should start as long as possible before the setting in of night. The carriages were got ready; a hasty but tearful leave-taking ensued between the family and their friends from a distance, and soon we were all on our way over the mountains. Most of our party stopped at Keene that night, but one or two pushed on to Elizabethtown. On the following evening—which was last evening—Mr. Phillips, by previous engagement, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall at Vergennes. The room could not hold all that desired to hear. I was not present till the discourse was in good part over, but I doubt not some account of it will find its way into print. You may form some idea of its quality when I tell you that a venerable Deacon who came to the hotel where I stopped made the following remark: "I have listened," said he, "to seven thousand sermons in my life, and I heard more of God's eternal truth to-night than was contained in them all."

The people seemed very anxious to hear about John Brown, and the two gentlemen who had just been engaged in his burial were surrounded till a late hour in the hotel parlor by a crowd whose curiosity and interest in the subject seemed to undergo no abatement. This morning the company parted—Messrs. Phillips and McKim for Boston and Philadelphia, and all of us for our respective homes.

Mr. Phillips carries to Boston, from North Elba, a large amount of valuable matter, intended for Mrs. Child's promised memoir of John Brown. This matter consists of original letters and other papers, and photographs of several members of the Brown and Thompson families. The memoir will not be published for some time, and the prospect of its appearance need not interfere with the sale of Mr. Redpath's book, now about forthcoming from the press.

New York Illustrated News.—This is a pictorial journal, conducted on the same plan as the *Illustrated News* of London. It is a new paper, only reaching its sixth issue the present week. We have before us numbers 2, 3, 4 and 5, and though we cannot say that its pictures are as fine as the best of those in the illustrated papers of London, we may say with truth that they show a determination on the part of the publishers to do the best they can with the means which this country affords for sustaining a journal of this sort. Among the illustrations in the numbers before us we find the following:

Gerrit Smith, from a Daguerreotype taken in 1857.
New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica.
Gerrit Smith's Chamber in the Asylum.
The Murder of Count Calatiel Anviti.
Wreck of the Screw Steamer Royal Charter.
Thanksgiving Dinner—Ephraim's Speech.
Mr. Ward and Suite in Pekin.
The Steamer North Star stranded at Plavas Island.
The Broderick Funeral Pageant.
Brown and Stevens in their Cell, in Virginia.
The Execution of John Brown.
The Procession to the Scaffold.
Washington Irving—Sunnyside, 1851.
Hazlitt, Copeland and Green, in their Cell.
John Brown's Last Supper with his Wife.
Fac-simile of Brown's Inscription on the blank leaf of a Bible.
John Brown Repudiating the Pro-Slavery Minister.

Next week the *News* will contain illustrations of John Brown's Burial, with likenesses of J. M. McKim, Wendell Phillips and others. The paper is published (weekly) by J. Warren Campbell & Co., 63 Ann street, New York. Three dollars a year; single copies six cents.

The Slaveholders, in their blindness, are giving the anti-slavery cause a mighty impetus. Helper's "Impending Crisis," for which until lately there was only a moderate sale, is now in such request that the utmost powers of steam are unable to supply the demand. Southern members of Congress having denounced it as treasonable and insurrectionary, and found in it an excuse for new threats to dissolve the Union, the public curiosity has been stimulated to such an extent that orders for it are pouring in upon the publisher faster than he can supply them. It will find its way, during the present winter, into thousands of families which, but for the madness of the South, would not have seen it for years, if ever; and it is so full of striking facts and convincing arguments that it cannot fail to do its work wherever it is read. Thus is the folly and the wrath of the champions of oppression made to subserve the cause of freedom and humanity.

"The Ballad of John Brown," which appeared lately in *The Tribune*, has been set to appropriate music by Mr. Charles E. Hering, a German composer and warm friend of liberty. It is sold for the benefit of John Brown's family, and may be had of Mr. Hering, University Building, New York.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLX.

The Argument.—The Correspondent congratulateth the Editor on the Safety of the Union—He doth justify Mr. Everett and General Cushing—He voucheth for their loyalty to the Union—He is comparative and likeneth this Meeting to that of 1835—He maketh odorous comparisons as little as well—showeth the difference of the political weight of the members of the two—Also their chances of election to office—He weigheth this last one in the balance and findeth it wanting—He volunteereth a leader for the Richmond Enquirer or the Charleston Mercury—He sympathizeth with the afflictions of Gov. Banks in the hands of the mutineers—He denieth the ebriety of Mr. Garrison, their leader—[illegible] same—But maketh an exception—He describeth the Tremont Temple Meeting and compareth it with that in Faneuil Hall—Also our disappointment as to the interment of Capt. Brown, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1859.

I suppose you have noticed that the Union is safe for the present. We did our part towards it here last Thursday, and I suppose New York will have joined us and Philadelphia, in patching up the poor crazy old tub for a season, by the time this letter gets into type. All timorous souls may rejoice and take comfort, for Mr. Everett has publicly declared that he, for one, will stand by the Union. Should John Brown, junior, plan another incursion into Virginia, he must not look to Mr. Everett for aid. *That* is not the cause in which he stands ready to shoulder his musket and buckle on his knapsack. *Mr.* Micawber protests (reversing the Dickensian order of things) that he will never, *never* desert *Mrs.* Micawber. Whether, like his great prototype, he hopes "something will turn up" in his favor at Charleston, next April, I cannot say. There are those who think that he is frantic enough to entertain such a hope. But, I apprehend, he will find his Southern brethren as impracticable as were the relatives of Mrs. Micawber in the story. All parties proposing armed expeditions into the Slave Country must make up their minds to do without Mr. Everett. He won't go. No more will General Cushing. If any traitor has been reckoning on the help of his military experience in Mexico in any invasion of the South, he is out of his reckoning, and reckoning without his host. Should Mr. Garrison, at the head of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, "commence a war of invasion for the destruction of the Union," General Cushing, at the head of the Faneuil Hall Meeting, will take him and them by the throat or throats, and say, "You must walk over our dead bodies" to your design. Indeed, it is a general opinion hereabouts that, should there happen to be any danger of any fighting on the frontier, General Cushing may be relied upon to keep himself at home ready to grapple with this dangerous domestic enemy.

That Meeting was, indeed, a most significant (if it might not rather be termed a most *in*significant) sign of the times. How different from the great Meeting of 1835! That was black as a thunder-cloud with malice, and as strong as one, as was proved by its striking in a hundred places. The men who got up and made up that Meeting, were the men that had possession of the State and the City. They owned the Governor and the Mayor, and men on their promotion, were eager to be identified with it, as a sure card to win. Every word spoken then was a word of might. They did more to create the fierce season of violence and terrorism that ensued than, probably, any other agency. Those lightning words struck Lovejoy dead at Alton, and fired Pennsylvania Hall. They kindled the zeal of the broadcloth mob which went out to assassinate George Thompson, and from whose hands Garrison was scarcely saved alive. They spread the spirit of mobocracy far over the land, reaching to every Northern city and almost every village. The Governor whom the Meeting owned recommended the making of Free Speech and a Free Press punishable offences, and a Judge that belonged to them said that these crimes were indictable at Common Law. It was a terrible agency, terribly in earnest, and it did its work terribly. But this! Why, the very men that were going up to it jested with one another about their "saving the Union"! There was as great a difference between the two meetings as between the men that spoke at it—as between Harrison Gray Otis and Edward Everett, between Peleg Sprague and Caleb Cushing! Nothing could more distinctly express the power of the one and the forcible feebleness of the other. *The Post* here has tried to measure this by that, and to make them out alike. Why, Edward Everett, standing on tiptoe, never could come up to the elbow of Mr. Otis, and Mr. Sprague could be split up into a cord of Cushings! Alike! I grant you, alike in *genus*, but how different in *species*! As much alike as a tiger and a tabby cat.

This was most noticeable, that whereas the Meeting of 1835 had on its Call the names of every man of note in the dominant party, which was then absolute in power, and seemed to be seated on the throne forever, every man in public office and every man that had any hope of ever reaching that Yankee paradise, this one had not the name of a single live politician connected with it. Every man in office, and every man who thought he had any chance of getting one, avoided the meeting as he would a small-pox hospital. There were plenty of dignitaries who had once been Powers on Earth in a small way, but they were all *Emeriti*, ex-officials, the ghosts only of departed Governors and members of Congress. I suppose, out of the two thousand that signed the Call, and the one thousand more that perhaps would have signed it, had it been offered to them, there are not more than two that could be elected by any possibility to the meanest office in the gift of the people. I say two, because there is a little mouldy rotten-borough called Newburyport, destined, however, to be famous as the birth place of Mr. Garrison, which Mr. Cushing carries in his breeches-pocket, and which, I suppose, would send him to the Great and General Court, if he told them to. And I suppose there is a chance of Mr. Lincoln, the present Mayor, being re-elected, since he has been nominated, through some unintelligible truck and dicker, by the Republicans. This gentleman was a Vice-President of the Meeting, though I could not find his name on the Call; but he took no part in it, if he were present. Now, Mr. Lincoln was a Webster Whig of the worst kind, and was never anything else, so that he must have sympathized with this movement, and he was obviously the proper person to preside, as his predecessor, Mr. Lyman, did in 1835, or at least to call the Meeting to order. Why was he not put forward? Clearly, because the city election is this week, and the Hunkers, whose especial candidate he is, were afraid it would damage his chances. And it is very likely it will, as it is. The Meeting was emphatically one of tumble-down, broken-backed politicians, of political constitutions wrecked by old age or former excesses, and utterly hopeless of recovery. It absolutely stood for nothing, excepting that Mr. Everett, the rest of the long line of defunct ex-Excellencies, the Messrs. Appleton and sundry other highly respectable, but sadly dilapidated, gentlemen, and a rag-tag and bobtail of two or three thousand, chiefly Democrats, will not invade Virginia to abolish slavery, as John Brown did! And who in thunder ever supposed they would?

If our Southern brethren are in an amiable mood and disposed to be easily satisfied, they can take this meeting and its doings as a peace-offering, and spare our lives and the Union awhile longer. But if cantankerous, nothing can be plainer than the way to pick them to pieces and scatter them abroad to be trodden under foot of men. Were I the editor of *The Charleston Mercury* or *Richmond Enquirer*, I should say, "This is all mighty fine, but what "does it amount to? We really do not care particularly "to be assured that Mr. Everett, and ex-Gov. Lincoln, "and Mr. Nathan Appleton are ready to stand by the "South, for we never had any doubt that they would. "But where were the men who represent the people of "Massachusetts, or even the citizens of Boston? Where "was the Governor of the State, the President of the "Senate, the Speaker of the House, the Mayor of the "City? These, and such as these, stand for the thousands "who have made them what they are. The respectable "gentlemen of the Faneuil Hall Meeting stand only for "themselves. We have every respect for the worthy "gentlemen who appeared on the platform of the Faneuil "Hall Meeting, and all the more because we know that "they have been cashiered, invalided and declared incapable of further service by the people of Massachusetts "for their fidelity to us; but they must excuse us from "taking the reiteration of their well-known sentiments of "loyalty to our institutions for an assurance of the fealty "of anybody but themselves. We are compelled to retain "the opinions we have always expressed as to the malignancy of the masses of that pestilent Commonwealth "towards us and our Divinely-ordained social polity." This I take to be a model editorial on the subject, and I shall make no charge to either or both those journals if they use it as their own, without acknowledgment. It is the exact common-sense view of the matter, and precisely expresses the facts. Poor Gov. Banks had rather scurvy treatment at the hands of the meeting, after all his officiousness in setting up the molten image of their idol. "A band of drunken mutineers," says Gen. Cushing, "has seized hold of the public opinion of the State. Where is the helmsman? Has he sold himself to the mutineers? No, but the mutineers stand with a pistol at his head, commanding him to obey or die!" The drunken mutineers can be no other than Mr. Cushing's fellow-townsman, Mr. Garrison, and his crew. Now, I will not deny that Mr. Garrison is a mutineer, for he would not thank me if I did. But I deny utterly the drunkenness. I have known that gentleman for more than twenty years, and I can truly say that in all that time I have never once seen him the worse for liquor. The only imputation of the kind I ever heard against him was on his signing a certificate in favor of the healing virtues of Townsend's (or Ayer's) Sarsaparilla, which, he said, he felt "permeating his entire system." "Permeating his system!" exclaimed a regular practitioner, "why, Garrison never had a stiff glass of grog before in his life, and he didn't know how good it was!" But I do hope he'll lay that pitcher down, for I don't believe he knows which end to hold it.

The other Meeting, which was the immediate occasion of this Union-saving one, was indeed a contrast to it. The one, I mean, held on the evening of the epochal Second of December. The sacrifice of that day will go far towards expunging the historical infamy now attaching to it as the anniversary of the *Coup d'Etat*, and restoring it to an honorable *status* in the Kalendar. The Tremont Temple Meeting was as serious and earnest as the Faneuil Hall one was hollow and windy. It was as sincere as the other was hypocritical, and as manly as that was flunkeyish and sycophantic. And it was not much less in point of numbers. That is, the hall was as full as it could be crammed, and three or four times as many as it contained had to turn away empty because it was full. So that the numbers present in the flesh and in the spirit could not have been much less than those assisting at the act of homage to Slavery done in Faneuil Hall. As you have given an account of that Meeting and its sayings and doings, there is no need of my lengthening this long-enough letter to describe it. We had hoped that we should have had the sad satisfaction of receiving the relics of the Martyr and enshrining them in Massachusetts earth. But a sacred regard to his last wishes, though expressed in ignorance of our plan, has led to another disposition of them. Perhaps it is as well that his ashes should lie in the wilderness until there is a Republic uncursed by slavery to do them fitting honor. "Then," as Emmett said before his death, "then, and not till then, let his epitaph be written."

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1859.

The past week has been a very exciting and interesting one in Congress, and will not, I think, be barren of anti-slavery fruits.

The Southern Democracy—and your readers are well aware that this phrase describes all of our population, North and South, which lays claim to the name of Democrat—the Southern members of Congress came here boiling over with wrath and panic, and have spent an entire week in pouring it into the ears of the nation. They would not allow the House to organize, but occupied its time and attention by speech-making. And *such* speech-making! Some of the leading orators of the American Anti-Slavery Society have, *among their enemies*, a reputation for "fanaticism." I believe it is *true* that Phillips, Parker, Garrison, Wright, Pillsbury and others, do speak their thoughts in hard Saxon words, so that they may not be misunderstood by oppressors. But if *their* speeches are "fanatical," what word shall I use to characterize some of the speeches I have listened to in Congress the last week? Iverson in the Senate, and Keitt, Davis, Curry, Leake and others in the House, have delivered speeches which were *demoniacal*. It would be charitable indeed to call their authors monomaniacs.

These men have openly defended the most hideous form of human slavery which the world has ever seen—have demanded its diffusion over the entire continent—have threatened to break up the Union if their own political party shall be beaten in the next Presidential contest—have gone farther still, and demanded the hanging of Senator Seward when he returns to Washington from his European trip!

The South, through her representatives in Congress, now demands that the people of the free States relinquish the majority principle in the elections. She will consent to the Union on one condition only—and that is the subjugation of the North and Freedom. The voting population of the North may as well understand these terms now and make up their minds as to their future course. They can give up freedom and equality under the Constitution, and become the abject slaves of the Oligarchy, or go on with a firm hand and take possession of the government, resolving either to let the Slave States secede if they desire it, or to whip them into subjection. The Union meetings held in our great cities counsel utter abandonment of all our rights and the acceptance of political slavery. If the people say amen to this, let them. If *not*, let them be prepared for all consequences, and they will triumph gloriously in the end. We want *strong* men now at Washington. Not cowering, trembling, feeble men. Neither rash men. But a firm bearing, and a quiet determination to let the South leave the Union if she wishes to do so, is all we need.

The Republicans proper have taken no part in the debate thus far, not because they shrink from it, but because they are determined to let the South do up the "agitation" previous to the organization of the House. They have pursued "a wise and masterly inactivity." By and bye you will hear from such men as Adams, Stevens, Bingham, Dawes and others. They have their powder "dry," and will use it when the fitting opportunity arrives.

Corwin, of course, had to ventilate his peculiar ideas in the House; but he speaks for himself alone. He is on the extreme wing of the Republican party, and is so near the Northern Democrats that he can scarcely be distinguished from his political foes.

One event of the week is comforting. Roger Pryor, so well known as one of the most rampant and diabolical, as well as able, of the defenders of slavery, has been murdered in the House by a Southern member. This was his first effort as a legislative debater, and he undertook to demolish one of his Southern comrades—a moderate South American—because he would not utter the bugbear cry of disunion. The result was that the man attacked turned upon his assailant and ate him up, bones and all, as a lion might a dog.

This has been the comedy in the midst of the week's tragedy acting—for, to all appearance, the Southern members this time have been *in earnest*. They are in a frenzy over John Brown, and would seem to desire to pursue him into the other world and there hang him again—were they not a little afraid that the Virginia code might not exist there; and that, consequently, they might be in danger of brimstone themselves. So insolent are the demands of these slaveholders that the dough faces already begin to cower, and Senator Pugh, of Ohio, the veriest lickspittle of them all, has had the baseness to propose that *the nation* pay for the military pageant at Charlestown! That is to say, Gov. Wise having falsely charged the people of the North with an attempt to rescue Brown, and desiring to get up a mighty panic, on the shoulders of which he might be boosted into the Presidential chair, or break up the Union, he armed half Virginia, and *a Northern Senator* proposes to pay him for his scoundrelism! Truly, we ought to be thankful that this little doughface is not to come back to Washington again. *Pugh!*

Unless I am greatly mistaken, the slaveholders, notwithstanding their tremendous cry over the Helper pamphlet, will have to take a man for Speaker who endorsed it—I allude to Mr. Sherman. To be sure, he does not approve of portions of the book, and had never read it, but the Oligarchy has demanded his overthrow simply because of his endorsement; and for that reason, if for no other, there are numberless Republicans who will in no event accept another candidate. The South has seen fit to manufacture a monster out of Mr. Sherman, and now they have got to swallow him, whether they like him or not. Such is the prospect while I write this letter. The Republicans keep silent, but they do not stir from their tracks. Here and there a man says a word or two about Helper and John Brown, but *the argument* is to come by and bye. There are Republicans in Congress who will not shrink from giving the true cause of Northern sympathy for John Brown, which is, if I understand it aright, not because the people of the free States approve of such attacks against slavery, but because John Brown *died for the slave*.

Southern men know it already in their secret hearts. Brown sacrificed himself for freedom, as a hundred heroes before him have done—and all of them *madly*, no doubt. Who is it that preaches the "Pauline treatment" for white men? Is it Mr. Beecher? Did he give Kossuth "Pauline" advice? Does the "American Church" tell *white men* not to fight for their liberties? It is Mr. Garrison—not the Church—who preaches *peace*, or I have misunderstood him. *He* would not use a Sharp's rifle, a pike, a sword, would not shed a drop of human blood to overturn Kingcraft, or slavery. *I* believe Mr. Beecher preached true doctrine in his sermon—but let it be applied fairly to all races of men, and not *to one* alone.

Wait a little, then, and you will read speeches in Congress which will sift this whole matter with thoroughness. Let the fire-eaters rant and rave for a few days longer—let them curse freedom and free men—the *answer* will come, and it will not be unlike the one sent by Mrs. Child to Gov. Wise.

The Republicans, as you well know, and as you deprecate, are Union men. They utterly condemn the disunionism of the day, and only propose to resist the further extension of slavery. It is, therefore, consistent for them to make open and fierce war upon the Southern Democracy as disunionists and traitors. The Southern leaders are guilty of the "crime" for which John Brown was hung at Charlestown. Yet the hypocrites swear that Brown was justly executed. Who, then, can blame the Republicans for using the same rope to punish the men who are his chief denouncers?

Avon.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTER FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU..No. XVIII.

November 7, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: I need hardly say that our prominent interest in American affairs is at this moment about the strange disturbance at Harper's Ferry. The newspapers which have arrived to-day will settle a good many points, and, I hope, stop the mischief caused by this wild outbreak. Of course, such an incident brings out the old commonplaces of the newspapers—the fanaticism of Abolitionists, the wickedness of their means to a (granted) good end; in short, pity and allowance for the slaveholders, and severity towards the friends of the negro. All this old twaddle may be let pass, together with the demands, renewed at every awkward pause in the argument, that the Abolitionists should instruct the slave-owners how to release their slaves, and should make it easy for them to do so. These old grounds are not worth reverting to for a moment; but it may be right to say, on behalf of English opinion and sentiment, that we hold a different view from the ordinary American one about the duty and the pardonableness of insurrection; that is, about the cases in which insurrection is a duty, and is pardonable. I am aware that *The Liberator* has a perfect right to say what it does about its uniform disapproval of "war and bloodshed, in the best of causes"; and few of us in this country go so far as that; but, on the other hand, we cannot applaud insurrection as something noble and heroic in itself, irrespective of its reasonable chances of success. We observe, for instance, that Robert Emmett is one of the idols of your countrymen. Here he is considered (and particularly by the friends of Irish liberty) gravely criminal in his designs and his conduct. So we think of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, another of the Irish heroes. There seems to be no evidence that either of them ever remembered that one obligation of a citizen is to obey the laws, and to sustain the security and peace of society; and that the only absolution from this duty is when the laws are overridden, and the security and peace of society are so violated as that reform must take place, by the hands and in the interests of the many. This reform, in the interests of the many against the few, is what we mean by the right of insurrection. But the Irish patriots who took the way of rebellion never inquired whether there was the least chance of success. They drew into their conspiracy as many persons as they could obtain, persuading them to thrust their necks into the halter without the slightest justification of prudence or principle. They let loose wild passions, made war in the streets, caused murders, broke up the confidence and peace of families, in the merest wantonness of political rage. There was ample cause for the most vehement discontent; for every kind and degree of opposition to government short of the guilty one they chose; but they afforded no evidence of the calm heroism and the right reason essential to the guidance of a real revolution, or lesser reform. They were ill informed, unbalanced, and therefore essentially unheroic; as, for instance, Emmett when he engaged the faith of Sarah Curran at the very time when he was in the depths of conspiracy, and concealed the fact from her. It is true, he mourned this act, and said it was the bitterest part of his pain at the close of his life; but the act showed him to be a creature of passion, and no hero. As for the results, they were sure beforehand—increased tyranny on the part of government, an aggravation of all bad feelings and passions, and a signal creation of new difficulties in the way of good government. In all its objects, the case is the reverse of our insurrection against the Stuarts, or yours against George III. The recent history and present condition of Ireland exemplify our view of the false and the true methods of proceeding, when institutions and administrations need amending. Mr. John Mitchel is a walking illustration in himself. And now, on your part, you have unhappily an illustration to deplore in this enterprise at Harper's Ferry, which, we fear, will cause you a great deal of trouble. I will not intrude upon you with speculations about what you will fully know before this can reach you; but the case will be unlike every other on record if the oppressed and their friends are not the worse for a light and ignorant use of the right of rebellion. I say this on the supposition that Brown and his comrades did, as we are told, collect arms, break the peace, use violence and destroy life. If this is untrue, and they merely intended to run off slaves, then the question is merely one of prudence and discretion. I have no doubt that we shall agree on the principle of these cases, though we may differ about individual rebels and heroes. I have had in view, in these remarks, not Abolitionists, nor any body of persons whatever, but the number (great or small, as may be) of your excellent countrymen and countrywomen whom I have heard speak of resistance to law as, on the whole, a virtue in itself, and insurrection as something noble, whatever might be its chances, and whoever might be its victims. It is a natural result of so noble an insurrection as that which made you a nation that the method should be a favorite one for some generations. I don't know that you Abolitionists have rendered a greater service in any direction than by your example of patient pertinacity in your civil action in pursuit of reform, while the more giddy and impulsive of your countrymen are apt to break through law and the peace which it guards, when their wills are crossed, or to admire those who do it. We trust that all who can be called Abolitionists to the extent to which Joshua R. Giddings and Gerrit Smith are will be completely vindicated from all implication in the movement at Harper's Ferry. We do not doubt this; but we are sorry to see their names made free with on the occasion.

There could not perhaps be a better illustration of our view of the fitting exercise of the right of insurrection than Garibaldi seems to be affording at this moment. There is no certainty about the precise truth of the news which comes to us; but, as far as we can make out, he is assuming the command and control of the Italian movement, after waiting long enough to see whether the government of Piedmont would do its duty. It seems too plain now that the King is not equal to the occasion. The Sardinian Parliament is not even yet summoned, though the war which was the occasion of its suspension has been over for three months. Cavour is not in office yet; the Ministry are slow; the King is vague in his words, and inert in his action. The excuse for him is that he is paralyzed by his Imperial ally; and the answer is that somebody else must then lead the movement. Garibaldi is understood to have told the King at Turin that affairs cannot wait; and that he shall strike for the independence of Italy, rather than let the hour pass by. He has shown repeatedly that he can coöperate—that he can obey—that he can wait and be quiet, as well as take the initiative and the command. He has proved his quality; and if he says the moment has come for defying at once the effete governments of Italy and the tricky policy of rival Emperors, we shall believe him, and cheer him on in his enterprise. At present the only hope seems to be in him. The troubles which Louis Napoleon intended to create by delays are multiplying now, while the Italian States are left adrift, in a condition of uncertainty, which everybody charges as a crime on everybody else. We trust that Garibaldi will bring about some issue, for which men may fight, and on which they may concentrate their minds and wills. Pope, King and Kaiser must then succumb to his arrangements. If Cavour should return to office, with the support of the Chambers, Piedmont may yet retrieve her position as the head of the Italian nation. Austria is helpless, from desperate pecuniary embarrassment, as well as impending troubles from revolution at home, which seems to be now only a question of weeks. It can hardly be supposed that the French Emperor would go to war again in Italy, in open opposition to the liberties of Italy, however hostile to those liberties his action really is. The Pope and King of Naples could not resist for a week any hostile movement of their own subjects. All would be practicable—almost easy—for Garibaldi and the patriots but for the pertinacity and trickery of the French Emperor, in regard to his hold upon Central Italy. It remains to be seen whether he has met with his match in the honest, intrepid, devoted Garibaldi. It will be a remarkable spectacle, such a struggle between two men who, both eminent for determination, courage and faculty to command, are the very opposite of each other in every other attribute. As to Victor Emanuel, it may be said that it is unfair to judge him until we could know all his entanglements with his crafty and imperious ally. This is true in regard to any verdict on his conduct and character; but while the circumstances are passing before our eyes, it is safe to say that, if disabled for free will and action, Victor Emanuel is not the man to lead the movement which cannot be delayed: and this is a mere truism. As to the European Congress, we are still somewhat uncertain. Telegrams declare that it has been agreed upon, and that England is a party to it; and we know that, if so, the rights of the Italians to determine their own affairs must have been recognized. There is further hope too from the interview at Breslau between the Czar and the Prince of Prussia, in the interests of peace, though neither of them is much of a liberal. But it is better to wait for the coming disclosures than to beat the air with speculations.

As for us, the most remarkable and significant sign of the times is the unanimity of the whole people among themselves, and with the government and in the government itself, as to our duty abroad and at home. Though we have a composite administration, they work together, as by one will, in regard to our foreign policy, which now absorbs all other interests. The steady, unobtrusive zeal with which the arts of defence are now practiced all through the country is a most animating spectacle. No vanity about uniforms and display anywhere; liberality among the rich; self-denial among the middle-class young men; and sympathy and help from the women of the country, all point to a better national security than we had any prospect of a short time since. Our navy improves from day to day; the sanitary reforms in the army so earnestly insisted on by Florence Nightingale and her coadjutors are being put in action as rapidly as possible under the war administration of Mr. Sidney Herbert. There is nothing but the uneasiness caused by the great European disturber to complain of in our affairs. Our people are fully employed (except the victims of strikes); trade is soundly prosperous; we have no political troubles at home, and social improvements are advancing. It is improbable that any schemer like the Emperor of the French should long escape some signal failure, or even the doom of every overbearing, lawless and treacherous power. We are on the watch, and not idly. For the moment, our intercourses with the French government are said to be of a more promising character than of late. As for the interpretations of our wishes and conduct that daily appear in the Paris papers, we can only wonder at the ingenuity which is spent upon entire inventions, or the perversion of very plain matters.

I hope you approve of the cricket-matches which your countrymen and mine have been playing. I wish such trials of strength and skill may be repeated. We are wont to admire the Americans for their "faculty," as Mrs. Stowe has it—that every man of you can saddle his horse, and defend his own head, and go anywhere and do anything. But you might be the better—the healthier and the happier, possibly—for having more *sport*—more sociability in your muscular exercises. Till lately, we have failed in keeping up our arts of defence, though there is a large sporting public in England. We are now drilling and exercising our citizens very extensively. Suppose you try the effect of combined sports on your national health, spirits and temper. I do not forget your fire companies; but you want perhaps something less awfully useful than that institution. Your Federal Union affords capital facilities, surely, for great games—festivals for promoting the strengthening of the body and the exhilaration of the mind. The world will look on with congratulation when you have founded some such institution, and when you find it excluding less wholesome excitements and less temperate pleasures. What think you of this, and of my freedom in suggesting it?

H. Martineau.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

The undersigned, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

Maria Weston Chapman,	Lydia D. Parker,
Mary May,	Eliza F. Eddy,
Louisa Loring,	Abby Francis,
Eliza Lee Follen,	Sarah Russell May,
L. Maria Child,	Abby Kelley Foster,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah H. Southwick,
Anne Warren Weston,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Mary Gray Chapman,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Augusta G. King,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Frances Mary Robbins,	Anna Shaw Greene,
Caroline Weston,	Eliza Apthorp,
Mary Willey,	Anne Langdon Alger,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Susan C. Cabot,	Mattie Griffith,
Sarah P. Remond,	Eliza Andrew,

Mary E. Stearns.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio, is an Agent of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, and as such is commended to all friends of the Society, and of uncompromising anti-slavery. As editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and as a clear, earnest and impressive speaker, his services have been of the greatest value to the cause, and have entitled him to the fullest confidence and respect of its friends. In full apprehension of the principles of Anti-Slavery, in faithful application of them, and in a fair and courteous spirit to opponents, he is surpassed by no one.

Mr. Robinson is at present laboring in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, and other Anti-Slavery papers, and donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

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1066	Henry W. Carter, A[illegible],	2 00
1040	[illegible] Dorchester,	2 20
1040	[illegible] Smith, [illegible], "	4 00
1045	[illegible], "	2 00
1040	Hon. Josiah Quincy, Quincy, "	4 00
1067	[illegible] Vail, New Bedford, "	2 00
1067	Wm. C. May, " "	2 00
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1064	Rev. Geo. W. Watts, North Sedgewich, Me.,	2 00
1064	Mrs. Irene R. [illegible]ner, " "	2 00
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1058	Henry Willis, Syosset, L. I.,	2 00
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1040	Rev. S. Longfellow, " "	10 74
1040	J. C. Merritt, Farmingdale, "	2 00
1040	Rev. J. M. Dixon, Brooklyn, "	2 85
1040	Mariette Richmond, Claverick, New York,	1 04
1040	T. Powell, Ghent, "	4 04
1077	Miss E. W. Painter, Kaintone, "	2 00
1066	S. Howland, Sherwoods, "	2 00
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958	Elizabeth S. Kerr, Pontiac, "	1 00
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Francis Jackson, pledge at May Meeting,	200 00
Marrius R. Robinson, collections	13 85

Special Notices.

☞ The Virginia Tragedy!—Marius R. Robinson and Aaron M. Powell will address a meeting at GHENT, in the Friends' meeting-house, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 18th, at 2½ o'clock.

☞ Civil and Political Equality of Women in New York.—County Woman's Rights Conventions, to be addressed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage and Lucy N. Colman, will be held, at 2 and 7 p. m. of each day, as follows:

Pen Yan, Yates County..................Tuesday, Dec. 20
Lyons, Wayne County....................Tuesday, " 27

By Mrs. Tracy Cutler and J. Elizabeth Jones:

Jamestown, Chautauqua County............Tuesday, Dec. 20
Collins Centre, Erie County.................." " 27

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PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

DIRT-EATING AT THE NORTH.

(Continued from First Page.)

amounted, in the present consolidated city, to more than one hundred and forty-seven votes, or thereabouts. It has not since increased in numerical strength. We have more convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary than this number of Abolitionists, and we might as well be called a convict community as an abolition community. These Abolitionists, though small in number, are active and untiring in their treasonable efforts, and they have recently, under the protection of the armed municipal police, met together and promulgated the most abominable opinions and sentiments. It is much to be regretted that the chief magistrate of our city did not take efficient measures to suppress such meetings, and prevent what must be the inevitable result, if they should be continued in open violation of the peace and quiet of our city.

The South should understand our position. The people at large have no power to prevent such emissaries as Wendell Phillips and Giddings coming here and delivering abolition lectures—they have no power to prevent the Rev. Mr. Furness and Mrs. Lucretia Mott from disseminating their skeptical disunion doctrines; but they have no part nor lot with them, and can with great propriety quote the language of Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address, March 4, 1801:

> "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

I trust the South will understand our true position, and adopt no hasty measures. Whenever a majority of the North shall endorse the incendiary projects of these Abolitionists, it will then be time enough for them to convene in council and gravely deliberate upon the proper measures to be adopted in the event of such an emergency. But the Harper's Ferry conspiracy has developed a great moral truth, of more value to the Union than any event that has occurred in this country since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is this: the slaves are happy and contented; they desire no change; but least of all that change which the hypocrisy and malignity of abolitionism, at home and abroad, wish to force upon them. We ask the British press abroad, and the abolition press at home, to feel and acknowledge the rebuke which the slaves themselves have administered to the affected benevolence and and philanthropy of these fanatics. Not a single slave in Virginia could be found who would rally round their standard at Harper's Ferry, when Brown and his company had undisputed possession of the United States Arsenal. This noble exhibition of fidelity on the part of the slaves is grateful and honorable to the country. It will fasten more strongly the relative ties which bind together the interest of the master and the slaves, and it furnishes an indignant refutation of the base slanders which have been so profusely lavished upon the slave population of the South.

[The allusion made by the speaker to Wendell Phillips and Giddings was received with deafening groans and cries of "Hang them all!" "String them beside old John Brown!"]

EXTRACT FROM MR. BREWSTER'S SPEECH.

For my part, I have no scruples upon this subject of domestic slavery. Any man who will think for a minute will smile at the exaggerated opinions of those who give their days and nights to its condemnation. Ever since the English first planted it in this country, it has been and still is, where it most exists, a necessity. For how, without such help, could the early settlers have subdued this savage wilderness, and cleared the way for the free white man? It is now a social necessity; for how can the Southern men, if they wished it, rid themselves of this race of needy and thrifty people? It would be a pitiless act of wanton barbarity to cast them loose upon their own resources, and it would be a wild act of self-slaughter for the whites to liberate them.

It is a commercial necessity; for by their labor do we produce our great staple, cotton, with which we command the markets of the world, and by which alone we have maintained peace with other nations, and hindered their rulers from inflicting upon us those injuries that would have retarded our growth and suppressed our national greatness.

The aristocratic governments of Europe have suffered from the moral influence of our example, and, as a counter blow, they who first sent us the negro now reproach us with his condition. They would excite discord here, and prejudice us with their misgoverned people. But, above all, it is a political necessity, and by that necessity we are bound, if we wish to enjoy the benefits of our common Constitution. Our general government is a great corporation, as Chief-Justice Marshall styled it, of defined and limited powers. Our State governments are absolute democratic sovereignties, except so far as they are restrained by their concessions to the general Constitution. What man can place his finger upon a line of that Constitution that bestows the power to regulate this question of domestic servitude within the States? And who that ever read it does not know that it stipulates to restore all fugitives from labor, and recognizes the condition of ser[illegible] binds us all, citizens and States, to protect [illegible]y for their owners?

CHARLES J. INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

[illegible]es J. Ingersoll touched upon the character of vagabond lecturers who itinerate about the country, and from the rostrum preach treason throughout the country. As a lawyer, he pronounced it illegal, and advised that, in a city so true to her revolutionary traditions, a watch should be kept in future, that the fair fame of Philadelphia be not degraded by the officious yelpings of a pack of wretched fanatics, around a leader whose theme was treason, and whose aim was disorganization.

SPEECH OF COL. JAMES PAGE.

He also denounced abolition lecturers who travel about the country, sowing heartburning in their path. For such he believed in but one mode of treatment. Take them from the rostrum, try them, convict them, and hang them as high as Haman. He was no John Brown Abolitionist. He despised the race, and contemned all who felt sympathy for them. Virginia was right in her treatment of John Brown in all but one point. Gov. Wise made a mistake. He should have tried Brown at the moment of his capture, and have executed him without ceremony, on the spot.

The speaker believed with Rev. Dr. Berg, who preached a Thanksgiving sermon upon slavery, that this modern abolitionism, this abolition as taught by John Brown, by Wendell Phillips, and by the horde of fanatics, whose one idea is emancipation of the negroes—that such religion is not of the Scriptures, not the religion of God; it is the teaching of the serpent; it is the progeny of hell. The speaker held a military commission, and against this fanaticism, if ever it came into collision with the conservative element of the country, his sword was ready for service. Col. Page spoke with very great effect, and with a hearty earnestness that drew plaudits from the crowd at every sentence.

SPEECH OF EX-MAYOR VAUX.

Ex-Mayor Vaux said that not again would a miserable faction be permitted to assemble in this city, and, under the name of the people of Philadelphia, to foment their doctrines of treason and every black conception of the human heart.

SOUTHERN CONTEMPT FOR THE DOUGHFACES.

From The Baltimore Patriot, Dec. 6.

DOUGHFACE SENTIMENT.

We perceive that the Locofoco Doughfaces in Boston, New York and Philadelphia propose holding meetings for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of Locofoco Disunionists in the South, at the recent exhibitions of foolish sentimentalism for John Brown by a handful, here and there, of Abolition Disunionists in those cities.

[illegible] be any character in the world that we have [illegible]r, it is the dirt-eating Doughface of the free [illegible]e has no real regard whatever for the South [illegible]tutions, and yet, under pretence of sympathy for them, he will proclaim himself our friend, keeping his eyes steadily all the while upon the *pecuniary* benefit to be derived therefrom. He will do anything that Southern fire-eaters will require of him, even to licking the very dust off their shoes; and though these partisans are perfectly aware of his hypocrisy, yet, strange to say, they affect to be gratified at the exhibition. Why is this? Because they hope thus to get his vote. This is the sum and substance of the whole operation, and, what is more, its real object. The Locofocos of the South demand the sacrifice, and the Locofocos of the North are ready to make it.

We all know that not a single resolution will be adopted at these forthcoming meetings, not one word spoken by any of their Doughface orators, that will express their real sentiments; and so far as the American party of Maryland are concerned, they want none of this make-believe sympathy. Indeed, they want no sympathy at all from anybody.

They are not to be deceived about the real sentiments of the people of the free States about slavery, and they don't want any Northern or Western man to eat dirt to please them.

Away, then, with the proposed Doughface meetings in the three Eastern cities! The Americans of Maryland want no such exhibitions of degradation to sustain them in maintaining the institution of slavery in this State. They ask no odds of any free State on this subject. They sustain slave labor because it is their will so to do, and for no other reason. They seek no excuse for this exercise of their independent will.

So far as the American party of Maryland are concerned, then, the Northern Doughfaces who are going to play the Pharisee and the fool to the South may as well save their breath and their hypocrisy.

The incense, therefore, to be burned this week on Locofoco altars in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, will not be a sweet smelling odor in the nostrils of Maryland Americans. They prefer the open hostility of enemies to the hypocrisy of such friends, but Maryland knows no enemies, North, South, East or West, except the Disunionist and Abolitionist Locofocos, and them she is ready to war against to the death, whether here at [illegible] in our own City or State or in other States.

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

THE LYNCH CODE ENFORCED.

Correspondence of The Newbern (N. C.) Daily Progress.

Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 20, 1859.

A few days ago, two Abolitionists of the most flagrant kind, from Connecticut, under the guise of book agents, were put in jail here. At their examination before Mayor Shaver, many damning facts were elicited in connection with their prowlings through Salisbury and neighborhood, in the shape of tampering variously with slaves, pulse feeling of non-slaveholding whites, confabing with free negroes, &c.; indeed, they were arrested in a free negro house, in which it was stated they had sojourned, *a la Hotel de Dumas!* All this, together with the incoherent and contradictory statements made by themselves, relative to their business and movements, warranted the Mayor in ordering them to jail to await a trial. The indignation of the citizens was so wrought up that the miscreants begged piteously for protection, from the office to the jail.

On Saturday forenoon, an Irishman, named Tait, was loudly announcing to a crowd in front of the post-office that he was an Abolitionist, and that he hoped before long every slaveholder's throat would be cut; he has been in this vicinity some eight years, and, by those who know him, is said to possess a fine *school* education—to have been a bookkeeper at one time here. Since I have been here, two years, he has been a common laborer, very low in his conduct and associations, and habitually drunken; he is also said to be very quarrelsome, very cowardly and covertly, very malicious, spiteful and revengeful. I mention these facts that you may understand the rather culpable leniency of the people here in this case. Well! continuing to express his worse than seditious sentiments and wishes, a crowd soon gathered, by whom he was seized and carried down to the yard of the Mansion Hotel, where, I really believe, had he retracted, they would have let him go, in consideration of his having been in their midst and known to them so long (an aggravation of his crime, in my mind); but when questioned, he repeated what he had before said in a mocking and spiteful manner; also acknowledged to and glorified in having wrote passes for the slaves of Mr. J. Clark (one of his examiners) and others, to trade with, &c. They then proceeded to remove a luxuriant crop of dirty red hair from his head, after which they *peeled* him to the waist. The day being rather cold, and it being resolved to ride him out, "without horse, saddle or bridle," they humanely replaced the articles of covering of which they had divested him with a very neat-fitting garment of North Carolina manufacture; tar is the name; but this was not enough, for the more fastidious and tasteful J. B., who, resolving to combine the ornamental with the useful, rushed into my neighbor C.'s room, seized one of his pillows, and soon had its contents all artistically attached to Tait's new coat; it was a complete success; and I remarked to some one that, with their limited practice, they could "tar and feather" with neatness and dispatch. Now, to a man of mind, principle and honor, such a degradation would be worse than death, and he would die rather than submit to it, but of such men Abolitionists are not composed, particularly those who have been living any length of time in the South, where they have ample opportunity to know the negro and his position; their sentiments are caused by that malignant and jealous hatred and envy which is too often found to exist in the hearts of the ignorant and vicious poor towards the good, the intellectual or the wealthy, or to all combined. When they rode Tait out, he did everything like a buffoon, to attract attention; this disgusted me so much that I did not follow. I thought that his thus glorying in his disgrace as well as his crime would incense the parties who were carrying him out of town to such an uncontrollable degree that they would hang him, and he richly deserved it, for the necessities of the times imperatively demand terrible examples, through short trials and condign punishments, in such cases. They only ducked him two or three times in a creek, however, and let him go, he refusing to leave the State or retract anything he had said, and, when at a safe distance, turned and threatened several of the parties with a speedy and terrible vengeance. A crowd of us went down to see the upshot of the affair, and finding him gone, and learning particulars, blamed them for their forbearance in thus letting him go, worse than he was before. Some then started after him on horseback. It was 24 hours before they recaught him. He is now in jail, with the two precious villains from Connecticut. All irresponsible, i. e. non-property holding, parties from the North, at the present time, are naturally enough looked on with distrust by the people here, and all of them who have deeply pondered on the subject of slavery, and are still anti-conservative, should immediately leave. The peace of society here and their own personal safety require it; for the criminal suggestions of the higher law delirium, which they attribute to inspiration in their unprincipled leaders, will be viewed here as something worse than the oozing out [illegible]ered natures and the vapors of spleen, which are [illegible]t terms possible by which to designate their [illegible] Rhodomontade.

Cosmo.

NEW [illegible] EXPELLED FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor o[illegible]rk Times.

I see in [illegible] of Monday last I am put down as one of the [illegible] individuals lately sent away from South Carol[illegible] "new coat of tar and feathers." Not quite so [illegible] that, but, nevertheless, I was sent away, and without the least shadow of a reason. I had gone down there like any other honest Northerner, with trunk and books, and recommendations, and, having got a place in a little village by the name of Orangeburg, went to teaching. Thinking myself perfectly secure, and having got a very good place, I began to be considerably satisfied, when suddenly my quiet was broken up, and I was ordered to take my books and recommendations and trunk, and start for the North. It was a week ago on Saturday last, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I thought it best not to confine myself too much to my room, but take a walk. Accordingly I took a short tour of the village, stopped at the post-office, and then called on one of my friends. To avoid suspicion of being thought an insurrectionist or an emissary of John Brown, as the Southerners think all the Northerners among them are, I had been especially careful not to say or do anything that would at all alarm, not even whispering that slavery was an abominable thing, nor attending any of their "nigger meetings," except once or twice by special request, and in company with some of my friends.

Such being the case, one would naturally think himself safe enough in any place, especially in one that professes to have reasonable men. So I thought, but, having stayed awhile at my friend's, and read his papers, I was on my way back to my boarding-house, thinking, I believe, about Coleridge—something or other of his speculations—"Stop a minute, if you please; going up to your room?" and before me were standing Capt. Salley, Maj. Glover, and one or two others I did not know. Meaning to pass the time of day, and not expecting any such visitors, I was unprepared for receiving company; nevertheless I gladly accompanied them to my room, and, as politely as I could, gave them seats. "Hem! We might as well commence business," said Capt. Salley. The rest assented, and then he went on to say that they had been appointed a committee, by the citizens of Orangeburg, to inform me that I must leave the place in the next train. If he had said, Take a trip in the New York City across the Atlantic, I could not have been more astonished. "You surprise me," I said, and wanted to know the reason of such a course. This was the contemptible thing offered as such: "They had come to the conclusion I was not exactly a proper person to be allowed among them, on account of my political sentiments." How they knew my political sentiments was, of course, a mystery; for no one there knew them. But they chose not to reason further; "the exigencies of the times demanded it." I "might be innocent for aught they knew; but the case was such, the innocent had to suffer with the guilty." I asked them for a chance to vindicate myself; I asked them for time to collect my bills; I asked them to lend me money to get away with. They granted neither. I then appealed to them as men endowed with reason; showed the cruelty and foolishness of what they were doing; but the only answer to everything was: "You must expect *the consequences*, or leave town by the next train," which would be in about two hours. They did, however, at last agree to collect my bills, and give me money enough to get to Charleston; and having assured me I should not be troubled by a mob, left the room.

I left it, too, a short time afterwards, considering it best to go where my own will might control the ways and means of my own body—this flesh and bones that troubled them so, because it came from the far North. I thought it best to take care of it, and not let it get broken, or bruised, or covered over with Southern slime, mixed up with prickly quills. This is the sum and substance of the affair, though I might say a good deal more of other men who were sent out in the same way, and some, alas! who got the "tar and feathers." I do not blame all the Southerners. A good many I found whole-hearted, noble souls, whose memory I shall always cherish; but those men who sent me away, and the brainless hot-heads, generally, there, I hardly know what to think of. I would have said nothing about them—not wishing myself to be connected with their little, silly, villainous affair—but they have already put it in the papers; and it is only justice to myself and friends prompts me to give as much as I [illegible], *merely a plain statement of facts.*

TAMPERING WITH THE MAILS.

LETTER FROM THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

To the letter of inquiry from the Postmaster of Falls Church the Postmaster-General replied as follows:

Post-Office Department, Dec. 5, 1859.

Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of the 2d inst., in which, after referring to the opinion of the Attorney-General of Virginia sustaining the constitutionality of the statute of that State denouncing, under heavy penalties, the circulation of books, newspapers, pamphlets, &c., tending to incite the slave population to insurrection, you ask to be instructed as to your duty in reference to such documents should they be received through the mails for distribution at the post-office of which you have charge.

The statute alluded to is in the following words:

> Sec. 23. If a free person write, print or cause to be written or printed, any book or other writing, with intent to advise or incite negroes in this State to rebel or make insurrection, or inculcating resistance to the right of property of masters in their slaves, or if he shall, with intent to aid the purposes of any such book or writing, knowingly circulate the same, he shall be confined in the Penitentiary, not less than one nor more than five years.
>
> Sec. 24. If any postmaster or deputy-postmaster know that any such book or other writing has been received at his office in the mail, he shall give notice thereof to some justice, who shall inquire into the circumstances, and have such book or writing burned in his presence; if it appear to him that the person to whom it was directed subscribed therefor, knowing its character, or agreed to receive it for circulation to aid the purposes of Abolitionists, the justice shall commit such person to jail. If any Postmaster or Deputy-Postmaster violate this section, he shall be fined, not exceeding two hundred dollars.

The point raised by your inquiry is whether this statute is in conflict with the act of Congress regulating the administration of this Department, which declares that "if any postmaster shall unlawfully detain in his office any letter, package, pamphlet or newspaper, with the intent to prevent the arrival and delivery of the same to the person or persons to whom such letter, package, pamphlet or newspaper may be addressed or directed, in the usual course of the transportation of the mail along the route, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months, and shall moreover be forever thereafter incapable of holding the office of postmaster in the United States."

The question thus presented was fully decided by Attorney-General Cushing in the case of the Yazoo City post-office (Opinions of Attorney-Generals, vol. 8, 489). He there held that a statute of Mississippi, in all respects analogous to that of Virginia as cited, was not inconsistent with the act of Congress quoted, prescribing the duties of postmasters in regard to the delivery of mail matter, and that the latter, as good citizens, were bound to yield obedience to such State laws. You are referred to the luminous discussion of the case for the arguments urged by that distinguished civilian in support of the conclusion at which he arrived. The judgment thus pronounced has been cheerfully acquiesced in by this Department, and is now recognized as one of the guides of its administration. The authority of Virginia to enact such a law rests upon that right of self-preservation which belongs to every government and people, and which [illegible] never been surrendered, nor indeed can it be. One o[illegible] most solemn constitutional obligations imposed on [illegible] Federal Government is that of protecting the S[illegible] against "insurrection" and "domestic violence"—of course, none of its instrumentalities can be lawfully employed in inciting, even in the remotest degree, to this very crime, which involves in its train all others, and with the suppression of which it is specially charged. You must, under the responsibilities resting upon you as an officer and as a citizen, determine whether the books, pamphlets, newspapers, &c., received by you for distribution, are of the incendiary character described in the statute; and if you believe they are, then you are not only not obliged to deliver them to those to whom they are addressed, but you are empowered and required, by your duty to the State of which you are a citizen, to dispose of them in strict conformity to the provisions of the law referred to. The people of Virginia *may not only forbid the introduction and dissemination of such documents within their borders, but, if brought there in the mails, they may, by appropriate legal proceedings, have them destroyed.* They have the same right to extinguish firebrands thus impiously hurled into the midst of their homes and altars that a man has to pluck the burning fuse from a bombshell which is about to explode at his feet.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. Holt.

Mr. Charles A. Orton, Postmaster at Falls Church, Va.

From The Savannah (Ga.) Republican, Dec. 3.

TAR AND COTTON.

A case of applying these two commodities to the epidermis of an individual was practised in this city, Thursday night, under the following circumstances: Sewall H. Fisk, a dealer in boots and shoes, on Market square, of several years standing, has been the object of suspicion for some time, in consequence of his known abolition proclivities, which he has taken, as we are informed, some trouble to make known to our slave population. His latest acts are, enticing negroes into his cellar at night and reading them all sorts of abolition documents, and last Sunday night was devoted especially to the history of the trial of John Brown, and a general exhortation upon the institution of slavery and the advantages of freedom. These facts, as we hear, were sworn to before a Justice of the Peace by his nephew and his clerk; and coming to the ears of some parties who have constituted themselves a quasi-vigilance committee, Mr. Fisk's store, over or in which he sleeps, was visited, and he was called out and gagged before he could make either noise or resistance. He was then placed in a carriage and driven a short distance from the city, and the [illegible]cation, as above, made to his nude person; he was left to find his way back, as best he could. His appearance in the limits was near the hospital, when [illegible] came in sight of a watchman, who was so alarmed a[illegible] sight that he gave a spasmodic jerk at his rattle and [illegible] to his heels, not willing to face so dreadful an appari[illegible] A reinforcement, however, was brave enough to appr[illegible] him, when he was conducted home, the most piti[illegible] object it is possible to imagine. Not a spot of his [illegible] was visible and his hair was trimmed close to his head.

The sentiments expressed by this individual and his conduct towards our slaves, if true, though we know nothing but what is publicly alleged, most probably merited all he received; but we cannot give our approval to a measure where the law is taken into the hands of those who work in a mask and keep their names a secret from the community. Such movements are justified, if at all, only in extreme cases and where the law fails to afford an adequate remedy. Should such a contingency arise and a vigilance committee become necessary, let us see the names of those who compose it. If they are satisfied that their cause is a just one, and the community and laws will uphold them, then they can have no object in prosecuting their labors under cover of night. If they have a doubt about the matter, then they may rest assured that their conscience is the best judge and they are pushing matters too far. We are opposed to masked batteries in every form—it is not brave, and does not look honest. Such occurrences can only be justified by considerations of public security; and when this is at stake, no citizen need be ashamed for it to be known that he is willing to come to the rescue.

PANIC IN MARYLAND.

From The Baltimore American.

It was rumored about town yesterday that another Abolition and negro insurrection had broken out in Talbot County, Md.; that the country people were in the greatest consternation, and deserted their homesteads and flocked into the towns of Easton and St. Michael's in great numbers. It was also currently reported that two hundred and fifty guns had been discoverd secreted on Peaker's Island, and that a large body of slaves was prepared at a moment's notice to pounce down upon the whites and massacre them. As a matter of course, little credence was given to the rumors, many of which were of the wildest character. An investigation, however, showed that the people of Talbot are in a state of considerable excitement, and that many of these reports, and others much more exaggerated, had obtained currency and belief among them. At Easton and St. Michael's a number of families had congregated from the surrounding country, leaving their houses shut up and deserted. Armed patrols guard the country, while all the towns and villages have bodies of armed men ready for th[illegible] insurgents.

We learn from Capt Beckworth, of the schooner Per[illegible] of this city, that the stampede and excitement originate[illegible] with a negro woman belonging to William Townsend[illegible] Esq, who resides some five miles from St. Michael's. According to her story, she was met by two strange men who, after threatening her life if she betrayed them, told her that if Brown was hung at Charlestown, a large number of whites and blacks were combined to lay the whole County of Talbot in ashes, murder the white people, carry off all the money, etc. This ridiculous story, told by the negro woman, gained credence, and Mr. Townsend fled to St. Michael's. The alarm then became general, and hence the thousand and one rumors afloat at present. Capt. Beckworth also states that the story of the 250 muskets on Peaker's Island is entirely unfounded.

THREATS OF EXPULSION.

[Resolutions of a public meeting at Beaver Dam Depot, composed of citizens of Hanover, Louisa, Spotsylvania and Carolina Counties, Va.]

1. Resolved, That all classes in our community have one common interest in opposing the wicked intermeddling of the Abolitionists in our affairs.

2. Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to each other to keep a strict eye on all suspicious persons, particularly on all strangers whose business is not known to be harmless, or any one whatever who may express sentiments of sympathy or toleration with Abolitionists, either directly or indirectly.

3. Resolved, That Vigilance Committees, twenty-five in number, be appointed to act in the 4th and 6th magisterial districts, whose especial duty it shall be to carry out the foregoing resolutions, in which all our citizens are expected to coöperate; all suspected persons are to be brought before the chairman of each committee, who, with any two members, may act, and either bring them to trial or drive them from the neighborhood, as may be determined.

4. Resolved, That the Delegate and Senator from this county be requested to endeavor to have the law of criminal trials so amended that a Justice of the Peace may be authorized to require the Sheriff in his county to empanel a jury for the trial of any person brought before him on a charge of encouraging or promoting insurrection or insubordination among the slaves; and also to have the sentence of the jury executed without delay.

BANISHMENT OF A SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

From The Richmond Enquirer, Dec. 2.

Within the last few days an occurrence took place in one of the young ladies' schools of this city which shows that even Yankee school-teachers, who come South to make money, cannot keep a discreet tongue in their head. Abolition is in them, and it will gush out one way or another.

In the case in point, some of the young lady scholars were talking over the excitement of Harper's Ferry, and one or more of them expressed an opinion, saying, "Old Brown ought to be hunged!" The teacher from down East, who, we understand, gave lessons in music and French, rebuked the young pupils for calling the Kansas murderer and robber "Old Brown," and stated that they should name him as "Mr. Brown," that he was engaged in a meritorious cause, and was a good and brave man, whose object was not evil, &c.

The young daughters of the South did not relish this laudation of the old sin-dyed rascal, who would incite, pay and arm negroes to maltreat or murder them; they made known the expressions of the Yankee teacher to the Principal of the Academy, who, after investigating the matter, immediately discharged the offending teacher. She made tracks for the North the same evening, but will, doubtless, make capital out of the occurrence somewhere down in Maine or Massachusetts, where every feminine, who is just able to spell "c-a-t," thinks she can teach all Southern children.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XIX.

Days glided pleasantly on at the Vertner mansion. Helen Mason had gone home. Mr. Butler enjoyed himself in a quiet sort of manner, walking through the beautiful autumnal woods, roving about the "place," talking occasionally with the negroes or watching them at their work, all the while drawing his own inferences and deductions from the working of the slave system, of which he had heard and thought so much. Sometimes Madge walked or rode with him; not often, however, for, since her return home, she very naturally fell into her old habits, and he did not ask to be much with her, for he wished to study her character, and so gave her full liberty. Sometimes, it is true, he did wish she would not [illegible]sist in her habit of retiring at nine [illegible]ening; for when she left the drawing-[illegible] the brightest lamp had been put out, [illegible]ion always grew dull and heavy. Not that she ever [illegible]ed much, but her very presence seemed to give an increased flow to his own ideas. She warmed and brightened him like sunshine, all the while herself unconscious.

One morning, as they sat round the breakfast-table, Col. Vertner, whose face looked a little disturbed and anxious, said,

"Madge, I shall leave Mr. Butler in your charge this morning; I am going out for a little ride, and may not return until after dinner."

Without noticing the first part of the sentence, she replied,

"Going out for a ride? Why can't I go with you?"

"Because I am going on business; and pleasant as your company is, I must decline it this morning."

"Where are you going?"

"Madge, why do you ask so many questions? hasn't your father told you he was going on business?" said Mrs. Vertner.

"Yes; but why can't he tell *me* what his business is? I want to go with him, and shan't disturb him in the least."

"No, my darling, I cannot let you go with me; stay here and entertain our friend Mr. Butler; you and he can take a ride or drive. To-morrow I shall be glad to have your company."

"That's the way I'm always put off with to-morrow; I never have anything my way."

"It seems to me, dear," replied her father, with a good-humored smile, "you have everything your own way, and that is why you are so petulant when the least opposition is offered to your wishes."

Madge was silent for a few moments, but there was a ruffled expression upon her face as she sat playing with her napkin-ring.

"Papa," she exclaimed, as the momentary cloud faded from her face, and a bright, happy expression succeeded, "do tell me where you have hired Milly and Jack. If it is near enough, I'll ride over and see them for awhile this morning; it will so please them."

Col. Vertner's face wore anything but a pleased expression as he answered,

"'Tis too far off, my child—quite a journey."

"But they are to come home next year, and it would be nice to make them a visit; I am sure they will be pleased to see me, for I was a favorite with them. Ain't you glad, papa, that you did not sell them? it would have been mean and cruel, and I shouldn't have loved you."

[illegible]ol. Vertner rose from the table; his face was pale; [illegible]ge sprang to his side and wound her arms [illegible]

"Are you going now? *Must* you go? W[illegible] kiss; good-bye."

[illegible]e followed him to the hall door, and stood [illegible]tionately after him as he rode hastily awa[illegible] [illegible]r lingered at the table, talking with Mrs. V[illegible] [illegible]ge's eyes were yet gazing down the avenue [illegible]tion her father had gone.

"[illegible] don't feel like talking to Mr. Butler this mo[illegible]," she murmured; "I can't bear the house, and mamma is always scolding. What if I ride over to see Helen? No. But I shan't stay here; I'll have a gallop at any rate. Here, Pomp (she had spied the little elf peering round the gable), have Silk saddled and brought round; I am going out."

"Does yer want Rove let out de kennel? Is him gwine 'long too?"

"Oh, yes, let him come; he would whine if I left him behind." And Madge, after excusing herself to her mother and Mr. Butler, went off to get ready for the ride.

"A singular child," said Mrs. Vertner, as her daughter left the room.

"A very lovely one, I think," replied Mr. Butler; "her naïvete is perfectly irresistible."

"It gives me great pain to have her grow up so rude and uncultivated, but all I say to her falls on empty soil; indeed, I sometimes think the girl doesn't hear me when I am speaking to her, she is so indifferent; but her father, who has some most absurd notions, professes to consider it all right, and is insane enough to say he wouldn't have her changed. Though she is my own and only child, I must say that she is very far from being what I wish her."

The conversation was interesting to Mr. Butler simply because it was of Madge. Mrs. Vertner's perpetual note of complaint, her rigid formality, her want of literary culture, and undisguised assumption of high-breeding and fashion, disgusted him; but as Madge's mother and his lady host, he treated her with the utmost respect, although her conversation made him stifle many a good yawn.

If we look in at Rachel's cottage two hours later, we shall find it cleanly swept and everything set to rights, while she, in a fresh white apron and handkerchief, is seated on a low stool, close to Col. Vertner's side; her head rests on her thin hand, while the elbow is firmly planted upon the arm of the chair in which Col. Vertner is sitting. Her large eyes are fixed full upon his face; they are moist and anxious. He looks puzzled, moves about nervously in the chair, taps his foot with his riding-whip, puts his hat on and takes it off, puts it on again and again removes it, as one who is nervous and agitated. All the time, her eye has been riveted upon him; never has it moved or quivered, only when she brushed away a few tears that were gathering on the lashes.

"[illegible]at is it, Andrew?" she at length asked. "Can [illegible] be done? Am I to be tormented by such men, [illegible] hope of protection?"

"[illegible] see, Rachel" (he placed his hand upon her [illegible]) [illegible] what can be done; you are a mulatto and free; [illegible] it is hard to say it, but, nevertheless, it is true, [illegible] can assume your affair; if you were a slave, it [illegible] otherwise; you would be under the protection [illegible]

"[illegible]er," she added, with a curling lip. "Andrew Vertner, do you think this is right—is it Christian—is it human?"

"Certainly not, Rachel; I feel it as much, almost more than you do; but how can I avoid it? It is one of the evils that grow out of condition. If I could make it better for you, I would; but I have no power in these affairs."

She drew back from him for a moment, ran her eye down the whole length of his person, as if taking in at a glance the dimensions of the man, then said, in a slow, sarcastic tone, as if counting her words,

"If you could make it better for me, you would! Are there no others for whom you would make it better?" and, putting her lips close to his ears, she hissed out two words that made him turn pale as death.

"Good God, Rachel!"—he seized hold of her arm; drops of foam flecked his lips, and his eyes were blazing—"what do you mean, woman? Do you try to drive the knife where my heart is sorest?" and, releasing his hold upon her arm, he sank back into the chair and covered his face with his hands; great hot tears broke through the parted fingers, and the strong, rich man sobbed aloud.

Rachel was frightened; she had never seen Col. Vertner so moved, and she now became fully conscious what a powerful spring in his nature this one was which she had pressed. She sat still, watching him as the cat watches the mouse it is charming through fear. All her nerves were strung to the highest; her pulse was bounding like a mad cataract; one moment she was about to leap upon her victim, with the bitter word and the terrible threat, when suddenly the woman returned to her. She was softened, and creeping closer to him, gently drew his hand from his face, and, looking up into his eyes, while tears stood in hers, she said,

"You need fear nothing from me, Andrew; I am true; from my love you can expect hereafter, as in the past, everything."

He put his arms round her; he drew her to his bosom; he kissed her brow, cheek, lips, neck and hands.

"Rachel, Rachel, tell me that you will never make this matter known; tell me that you will be true; I am a miserable man; God knows, if I have sinned, I have suffered severely. Rachel, have I been unjust or unkind to you? Tell me what I can do to make atonement, and I will, freely; only be true in this one matter; will you, Rachel?"

His face was full of pain and his voice [illegible] and beseeching.

She looked around startled. Laying her hand on his shoulder, she said,

"Speak low."

"Is any one concealed here?" he asked, rising hastily.

She threw wide open the door that led into the inner room.

"See for yourself," she exclaimed.

Satisfying himself that there was no one there, he asked,

"Why, then, were you afraid of our being overheard?"

"People might be loitering round my cabin, you know" (with bitterness); "there is nothing or no one to protect a free woman of color."

"Rachel, you know well enough that, so far as I can, I will protect you; you know, or you ought to know, that the blow which falls on you strikes also upon my heart—that your interest is near and dear to me."

Her head had fallen upon her breast; her long arms swung gracefully down; the attitude was full of significance, and seemed to strike Col. Vertner. He caught her by the arm; he stroked her hair, and spoke words of kindly soothing: she was cheered. We are all children, and never outgrow our love of bon-bons, no matter whether they are manufactured of sugar or that still more dangerous material, *fond words.*

After a few more instructions and cautions to Rachel, he signified that to remain longer now would be dangerous. "The danger," however, did not impress him until after he had decidedly obtained the object of his visit; *it never does.* When he had found out all he wanted to learn, then the *danger* increased and culminated. Springing quickly into the saddle, he paused for a moment, to hear a few farewell words, which poor Rachel, in her foolish fondness, needs must address to him. The bridle-rein hung loosely over the neck of his horse; Rachel was close at his side, with her hand resting on the saddle, and, as she spoke low and tenderly, she forgot where and with whom she was; not so with her companion; no personal or affectionate feeling so utterly occupied his mind as to blind him to the probable dangers of his position.

"What noise was that? Some one is coming up the wood-path; I am sure I heard horses' feet," he said, breaking in upon some loving phrase of hers.

"No," she replied, with a smile, "'tis only the cows, that have not been turned out to-day. How easily you are alarmed now-a-days."

"There again," he exclaimed, "some one *is* coming."

Scarcely had the words died on his lips than Madge Vertner rode up to the gate.

"Why, papa!"

"Madge!" It was not the usually tender expression of his voice.

"Papa, whose cabin is this? and what a pretty ride through the thicket. I was surprised on the main road to find what appeared to be a pretty and romantic path leading through the woods, and determined to explore it; it led me here; but I didn't expect to meet you. Who is that woman?" pointing her whip toward Rachel, who had, during the first part of the sentence, retreated to the cabin-door.

"Don't forget to have the sewing done in time," cried Col. Vertner to Rachel.

She nodded assent. Madge's eyes were fixed upon her.

"Who is *she*, papa?"

"A sempstress, my dear, who is doing some work for me; but come on, now, we'll have a ride; I am through my business"; and, giving Silk a cut of his whip, and drawing his own rein a little tighter, both horses started down the path at a quick rate.

"But, papa, that was a very beautiful mulatto woman. I liked her face so much. How lady-like she appeared; are you quite certain she *is a sempstress?*"

Madge's eyes were fixed inquiringly upon her father; he quailed a little before the keen glance, but, with an effort at his customary self-possession, replied,

"Yes, she *is* a sempstress. I wished some sewing done for some of the servants, and have employed her."

"I should like to come here some time with you and see about the work; this woman strikes my fancy."

"Perhaps so."

"Is she free?"

"Yes."

"It would be a pity for such an interesting and lady-like woman to be in slavery. What's her name, papa?"

Madge bent forward and peered into her father's face in a manner which was not at all agreeable to his self-complacency. He gave her hasty answers, and seemed anxious to change the subject of conversation, but Madge was wilful and asked fifty questions.

"I tell you," exclaimed her father, in an irritated voice, "that I know nothing of the woman ex[illegible] he is a good sempstress."

"Well, I *must* know more of her [illegible] have nothing particular to engage my time, [illegible]o this sewing you are having done, and can [illegible] to the cabin every *morning.*"

"Madge Vertner, don't you *dare* to [illegible] to the cabin of this free negro. If you do, I s[illegible] [illegible]on forgive you. Madge, I have never been s[illegible]ended with you; but if you violate my wishes [illegible]spect, [illegible] shall be deadly grieved."

"Why, papa, how very odd this is. [illegible]ssible objection can you have to my going to this woman's cabin?"

His voice and manner were a little softened and rather more careless as he now answered,

"Is it odd, my dear, that I should feel some little pride in you? that I should prefer that my only daughter should be choice and select in her associations, and, above all things, guarded and particular about the places she frequents? It might not appear well for you to be dropping in, making social calls at the cabin of a free negro woman; you don't know to what rudeness or insolence you might be subjected."

"I should go to see her only as a sempstress, and am not afraid of being rudely or insolently treated. However, it is of no great consequence; and if you don't wish me to go, I shan't; that ends the matter"; and whipping up their horses, they were soon cantering off in the direction of the village.

Very little more was said between the father and daughter; they now rode rapidly on until reaching town, when Madge signified her intention of visiting Helen Mason, and, bidding her father a cheerful good morning, turned down a private street. She found Helen in the parlor, with a gentleman whom she introduced as Mr. Norton, and whom we recognize as the Yankee schoolmaster, supposed by the villagers to be tainted with the odor of abolitionism. After the formality of the introduction had passed off, Mr. Norton remarked,

"I think I've seen you before, Miss Vertner."

"Ah?"

He then referred to the time when he met her in the woods, and she had so kindly directed him the way to the village.

"Perhaps so," said Madge, "but I have certainly forgotten it."

Mr. Norton was too earnest a man and close a thinker to talk twaddle or nonsense, so he soon directed the conversation to *subjects.* But when he spoke of books, Madge acknowledged, with unaffected frankness, that she never read; he then spoke to her of her out-door life, her love of animals, her horsemanship, her sports with the gun, &c.

"I never liked fishing," she said; "perhaps because I am not contemplative, and am too rapid of movement. To sit on the river side, with a hot sun pouring down upon you, waiting for a fish to nibble, would be as dull to me as reading a book or a newspaper."

"Don't you read the morning papers?" inquired Helen.

"No, indeed; I learn the news just as the negroes do, by hearing it talked about."

This allusion to the negroes was the suggestion to Helen of directing the wheels of conversation into another groove.

"Do you know, Madge," she added, "that I have told Mr. Norton how near you are to being an Abolitionist?"

"Well, how near am I?"

"*Madge!*"

"Why, Helen, I don't know fully what the word Abolitionist means; papa and mamma make it stand for something very dreadful, irreverent and wicked; but Mr. Butler has a very nice and humane definition. Now I have always thought, of course, that slavery was right. Our servants seemed contented and happy, and were looked upon as part of our family; but then, if they are dissatisfied and wish to quit, I surely think they ought to go, and that no one should prevent them."

"That would be voluntary servitude," put in Mr. Norton; "but don't you think they should be paid fairly for their labor, Miss Vertner?"

"Are they not fed and clothed?"

"Yes, and, without inquiry about the style, quality and quantity, I'll go on to say, that I object to a system which so nullifies the energies of a whole class. When a man works for his money, and then, when it is acquired, exercises his own faculties in the disbursing or investing of it, he is strengthening his power, developing himself and growing; but there is another and higher view still to take of the subject: Can man have property in man?"

Here followed the clear statement of ideas which are old to our readers as a hundred-times-told tale, but were entirely new and startling to Madge and Helen. They gathered close to his side and listened with earnestness. Madge threw off her hat, brushed back her curls and fastened her eyes eagerly upon Mr. Norton's face; she marvelled at his quietude; once, in her excitement and in her own intense manner, she seized him by the arm, exclaiming,

"But, sir, the remedy? What would you do to stop all this?"

"Ah," he said, in a slow, calculating tone, "there comes the difficulty; it is a monster work, a huge, horrid iniquity which we cannot strike down at once; we must go cautiously and gradually to work, use method and means, arrest its growth, confine, limit it, cut it off limb by limb, crib and cabin it, keep it out of the territories, restrict, imprison it, until, for want of room, it turns and bites itself. A bold blow now, directed to the evil itself, would be fatal."

Madge hesitated, was silent; there was a doubtful expression upon her face; she played with the strings of her riding-hat, which lay upon her lap; she bit her lips; light and shadow flitted alternately across her face; when at length, looking up, with a clear, open countenance, she said,

"No, Mr. Norton, I don't see your way; if the thing is wrong, it ought to be abolished at once; if it is a sin to hold slaves, let them be freed to-day; don't tamper with wrong; overthrow it at once; strike it a good open-hand blow—that's my doctrine."

"Yes, you are a good-hearted child, and speak from your own generous inexperience. The cure of evil will be the work of years, and a slow work too, I regret to say."

"Well, it needn't be slow," said Madge, "if people are earnest in what they say. I don't see why you urge tampering with slavery as it now exists. If it is wrong, fight it; you wouldn't tell me to gradually abandon the practice of lying and stealing; you would say, quit it at once. The temperance preacher tells the drunkard to give up drinking at once, not even to handle the [illegible] touch not and taste not. Let the anti-slavery preacher teach the same. When you once convince the slaveholders of the wrong of keeping slaves, they will give them up."

Mr. Norton smiled incredulously, and Madge continued,

"Of course they will. People wouldn't do wrong if they knew it; they are deceived."

Madge became so deeply interested in the conversation that she remained several hours. Helen was delighted to find her friend and lover chime in so well. On bidding Mr. Norton good-bye, Madge insisted that he should come out to the "Vertner place" and that they should talk the matter over in her father's and Mr. Butler's presence.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.—The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office, the price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded [illegible], is given below:

	Price.	[illegible]
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 0[illegible]	
Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected,	15	
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	[illegible]	
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854,	1[illegible]	
Address of Theodore Parker, State House,	[illegible]	
A Co[illegible]tion of Valuable Documents,	1[illegible]	
American Chattelized Humanity. By Jona. Walker,	1[illegible]	
Anti-Slavery Alphabet,	8	
Appeal to the Women of the Nominally Free States. By Angelina G. Weld,	16	
Argument of Wendell Phillips for Removing Judge Loring,	10	
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TO THE LYCEUMS.—[illegible]OLLAND, ha[illegible] recently returned from severa[illegible]ence in Europe, [illegible] to the Lyceum and Literary Ass[illegible] the country a l[illegible] on Germany, its Literature, Ma[illegible]stinguished Men, also includes among his theme[illegible]n Humboldt, Go[illegible] Faust, Education, Social Life, A[illegible] Plurality of W[illegible] As Mr. Holland has lectured muc[illegible]ad than in the U[illegible] States, he deems it proper to refe[illegible] of public lectur[illegible] the following gentlemen: J. W. Francis, M.D., N[illegible]eet New York. Horace Webster, LL.D [illegible]on Ave., New Yo[rk]. George Ripley, Tribun[e] New York. Samuel Osgood, D.D., [illegible] street, New Yor[k]. Mr. Holland's address is No. 2[illegible] New York.

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